

Registered in Australia for
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NOVEMBER 18, 1950

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Sometime. NEVER

4 NOV 1950
BY NEW SOUTH WALES



THE revival of Richard Laird's "Sometime, Never" had been running five months, with Richard himself in his original part, and his wife Peggy Romaine playing opposite him in the part he'd written specially for her fifteen years ago. The only other member of the original cast was Geraldine Finch, who still managed to look like a girl, as Rose, the little school-teacher in love with the amoral and amusing Lord Bracknell.

Jenny Mills was understudying for the schoolteacher.

Richard Laird had never seen Jenny act before he engaged her. It was Peggy, his wife, who'd seen her in a repertory performance and told him she was good. But he hadn't become aware of Jenny until that Saturday night, when "Sometime, Never" had been running for two months, and she'd come to his dressing-room, after the performance, to ask him about the chance of her playing Rose on the Australian tour: as she'd heard Geraldine Finch had another London contract.

That had been the beginning.

Not that Jenny was the first. (He thought this in the car, with Peggy, on their way to

the theatre.) There'd been nothing new, he reflected, in this fight-with-himself that he'd always lost so gracefully! Nothing new in Peggy's touchingly elegant pretence of indifference at the frequent tete-a-tetes which were, he excused himself, so good for the child! Nothing new in the routine of head-waiters (at the Savoy, at Ciro's, at the Four Hundred) bowing their "good evening, Meester Laird!" and (each time carefully learned for each new girl, Richard thought) "good evening—Mees Farrar"—"Mees Johns"—and now "Mees Mills"!

But what was new was something in Jenny. Something that hadn't been in the others; something in her that had stirred him as the others hadn't. Perhaps it had its roots in her unspoilt freshness in a world of theatricality, or in her obvious, flattering admiration for him. Never could he be quite certain that it was anything warmer than that.

But one thing was certain. There was no

Jenny was acting superbly. Her hands moved with a touching hesitation towards the glasses, and as she took them off she whispered, "Is that better?"

doubt at all that for him this thing was becoming too dangerous to go on with! Too like the sort of passion that he'd never felt, and too often written about—the wrecking sort. And some unprecedented tension in Peggy's impeccable behaviour, a special tenderness in her care of him, a wonderfully kept-up sparkle in her manner, made him sure that Peggy felt it too.

But to say that it must stop was one thing. To find a way out was quite another, with Jenny every night in the theatre drawing the knot still tighter in a thousand casual ways—with her voice, her movements, the way she looked at him.

Perhaps his only hope was to get away, with Peggy, and without Jenny, on the Australian tour. Yet here he knew he would have

Peggy to reckon with—Peggy, whose integrity could put the play so far above her own happiness that it was she who'd said, when he even hinted at getting rid of Jenny and engaging another understudy, that the girl had extraordinary talent!

When they arrived at the stage door there was a message that Geraldine Finch was ill. Peggy asked at once, "Is Miss Mills in the theatre yet? Does she know she'll have to play?"

"She came in ten minutes ago, Miss Romaine. She's gone up to her dressing-room."

Peggy's mobile, charming face had the grave expression that only matters relating to the theatre, or Richard, could evoke.

As he followed her up the stone stairs that led to the dressing-rooms, she said, "I know Jenny can do it—I know she can! And as she knows her chance of Rose for the Australian tour depends on it, she'll put everything she has into it."

By SYLVIA THOMPSON

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES TOMPSON

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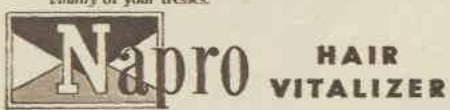
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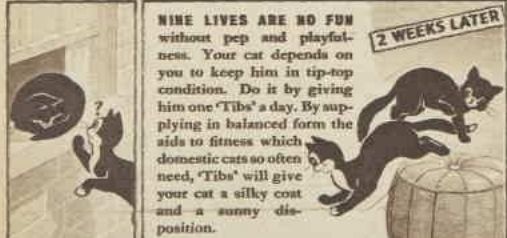
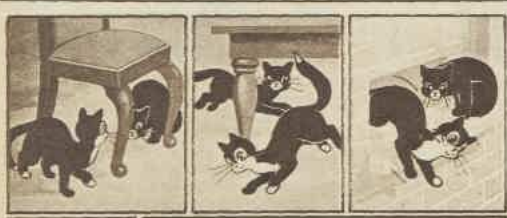
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AT the top of the stairs Peggy turned to Richard and said, "Incidentally, Gresham Carr's secretary telephoned that Gresham might drop in and see the show tonight—so you'll get his opinion on Jenny's performance."

"Opinion? My dear Peggy—if Jenny's performance interests him he won't come to me, he'll go straight to her, flourishing a contract in his hard fist!"

He threw this off lightly enough. It wasn't likely Jenny would hit the Gresham Carr mark; and meanwhile it was true enough that he himself had promised Jenny this chance of the Australian tour that night in his dressing-room, when Jenny Mills had still seemed merely a big-eyed, small-faced, eager girl to whom one might give "a chance."

"Anyway," Peggy was saying, "don't worry, darling! Jenny will be splendid! You'll see! Go and see her before she goes on, Richard. I know she'd like you to . . ."

Peggy went quickly into her dressing-room, where he glimpsed the usual consignments of flowers. How Peggy Romaine still went on being the dream woman of hundreds of men—the dream-self of thousands of women! And how little they discerned behind her exotic, sensual face, with its tilted eyelids, her husky voice, the steady, selfless, utterly loyal woman, who for twelve years had lived her theatre-life with him as if it had been a conjugal idyll in a suburban villa, and considered her own "name-in-lights" much as such a wife might look on her scrubbed doorstep and crisp curtains.

She'll be in Geraldine's dressing-room, Richard thought as he left Peggy. Automatically he turned to go there. Then, abruptly, he turned back, and went straight to his own dressing-room.

He sat down before his mirror. While Briggs, his dresser, brought his suit, he glanced at a book of the Press cuttings that Peggy had pasted in:

" . . . Mr. Richard Laird's 'Sometime, Never' hasn't tarnished, and revives, for one's delight, the ironical amorist Lord Bracknell (played once more by Mr. Laird himself), who gets hoist by a most unexpected petard, Rose Smith, the little schoolmistress (played by Geraldine Finch), who finally beats Lady Bracknell (Peggy Romaine) at her own game of glamor . . . Picard the famous French couturier, played by Claude Shane, lightning-cures Rose of her dowdiness with the expert help of the expert-on-women (Denis Watts) who flirts Rose into being aware of her own charm . . ."

Richard put down the book of cuttings and looked at his watch. Peggy had said, "Go and see her . . ."

He saw it was too late now. But even if there had been time he knew he wouldn't have gone. For suddenly, as he had left Peggy at her dressing-room door, he had seen what he had to do—the way out he'd been looking for . . . It was, he decided now, the only possible answer—however cruel it would be to Jenny—at whatever cost to himself.

When he got down to the stage Peggy was there, ready for her entrance.

She whispered, "I've a hunch Jenny's going to knock Geraldine's performance into a cocked hat."

He said, "Bad luck for Geraldine if she does!"

"Yes. And if Jenny does bring it

Sometime, Never

Continued from page 3

off, we'll be fixed up with our Rose for the tour."

"I'm not so sure . . ." He turned to her to try and get through her guard with a quick pronouncement, "Do you—want her?"

Quite steadily she answered him. "Richard, you know I want the best possible Rose for the play."

He watched her go on. He heard her opening lines, and then that ripple of laughter the audience always gave her for them.

Now he could see Jenny in the opposite wings, waiting for her first scene (with Peggy and Denis Watts). He knew that Peggy would give Jenny all possible support, even if Denis chose to fool about. But even he probably wouldn't, with a beginner. So that Jenny should get through this first scene of Rose with enough credit to give her confidence.

And it would be his own scene alone with Rose in the classroom at the start of Act II that he'd have to use . . .

By the time the second scene of Act I was under way it was clear that Jenny was making a hit!

Richard, playing his scene with Denis, got a sense of the whole theatre having come alive. And while he moved about the stage, juggling amusingly with his own dialogue, plugging in his little seconds of wit, of charm, or irresistible pathos in his scene with Peggy and Denis, he asked himself bitterly whether whatever it was, in Jenny, that "got" the audience was the same thing that had "got" him.

Not that Jenny wasn't acting. The experienced producer in Richard saw that. No question of just a lucky putting over of her own personality. For what she was putting over was her own particular interpretation of Rose.

THE curtain of Act I was coming. Denis was on the sofa, saying:

"Let me warn you, Bracknell, that little school-marm has a lot of latent glamor!"

"Even if she has, I couldn't be more indifferent."

"My dear Bracknell, your indifference has wrecked more hearts than most men's flattery. It must have kept our Divorce Court judges in regular employment for years!"

And then, with his always acclaimed:

"My dear fellow, one has certain public obligations . . ."

Before the curtain went up for Act II Jenny was on the stage at her desk in the empty classroom of the village school. Richard could see she was tense, but sure. Sure, because she knew, by now, that she could do it. This scene—that Geraldine played straight, raising the emotional temperature steadily from the girl's inhibited excitement, when Lord Bracknell comes in, to her outburst of bewildered tears when he's gone—Jenny (he sensed that now) Jenny would make of it something as passionate, and far more beautiful.

The curtain went up.

Richard saw the pen quiver in Jenny's hand. But her timing was perfect as her pen slowed.

Richard took his gloves and hat from Briggs, and went on:

"I'm afraid I'm interrupting your work, Miss Smith."

She let the audience sense the inward wonder of Rose's feelings before she used her brief, perfunctory line:

"Oh no—thank you, Lord Bracknell."

"It's really, Miss Smith, to fix an hour with you when our Conservative Committee could have its meeting here next Friday."

"It's very kind of you to come and ask."

He strolled across the stage to stand beside her as she sat at the desk:

"What interesting doodles! You know that a psychologist can tell practically anything about you from your doodling?" Leaning close over her shoulder—"Hello! I say, Miss Smith!"

He paused, and let her put over the whole effect of his proximity in her exclamation of:

"What d'you mean . . . Lord Bracknell?"

"My dear Miss Smith, I hardly like to go on!"

"Now," Richard thought, "from now on . . ."

"Does it mean anything? Or are you joking, Lord Bracknell? I'm afraid I'm awfully stupid about joking!"

How expertly Jenny was doing it . . . implying the excitement and strain of Rose's mounting emotions behind words that her shyness made awkward and naive!

"Don't you like jokes, Miss Smith?"

"They haven't come my way—very much."

"You certainly do look rather . . . solemn, Miss Smith. But—d'you know what I think?"

" . . . What? Please?"

"I think it's mostly your glasses."

He had now to lean his elbows on the desk, and say, looking into her face with an obviously false gallantry, while Rose took in what he said, and her hands moved upward with a touching, tremulous hesitation towards the glasses.

Now he could feel the audience, row on row of them, lean forward; out of the corner of his eye could see row upon row of faces stilled and startled by the beauty of the girl's acting. He could feel their attention move upward each tense, tremulous quarter of an inch with her fingers, towards the glasses; hesitate within an inch of them, and wait, unmoving, for the second when she plucked them off, and came out with her slow, and almost whispered:

"Is that—different?"

At no single performance, now, or in the past, had Geraldine known how to use these three words, as Jenny used them now, to evoke, as with three taps of a quite common little wand, the whole exquisite heaven of a first great passion.

He leaned deliberately closer than usual over the desk to answer, aloud:

"—Enchanting—different—Miss Smith." and then muttered quick, under his breath, "Try not to bungle this!"

The horror and astonishment registered in her look too dreadfully like that of a murdered small animal. Out of the corner of his eye he saw row upon row of faces lose intensity, and felt their tension relax and a kind of respite pass over them. Their dream had broken.

"Do you really mean that?" might have been said to empty stalls.

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM

LEGAL BRIDE

BY
**ROBERT
CARSON**

ILLUSTRATED BY RON LASKIE

A WHIRLWIND change comes into the life of ABIGAIL JANE FURNIVAL, youthful attorney, when her long-awaited first client proves to be BEN CASTLE, attractive cowboy film star.

Ben is in trouble over a gambling debt to HARRY KALLEN, noted racketeer. Abigail flies with him and JACK HALL, his private pilot, to interview Kallen at Las Vegas, then, already deeply in love, she readily agrees when Ben proposes to her, suggesting that they be married at once.

As soon as Kallen hears of the marriage he tells Abigail that, as a wedding gift to her, he will overlook Ben's debt. He explains that he is doing this because he owed a debt of gratitude to her father, and Abigail, in bitter disillusionment, realises that this is why Ben married her.

She reproaches him bitterly, and he and Jack Hall quarrel.

Now read on:

ABIGAIL and Ben flew back to Beverly Hills with Jack in sullen silence. As though in tune with the occasion, an early fog was rolling in from the ocean. Jack Hall had to circle around until the tower informed him he could land, and then he made his approach with caution.

As soon as the little silver and blue ship was in front of the hangar, and the engine had stopped, Abigail unfastened her safety belt, grabbed her suitcase, bolted for the rear, unlocked the door, and climbed out.

The damp, cold wind smote her. Dropping the suitcase, she dug her clenched hands in the pockets of her jacket and strode off blindly.

Hall and Ben overtook her before another hangar, where a group of mechanics were servicing a huge transport. Had she not been so confused herself, she would have been pleased to notice the confusion of her escorts.

"Would you rather be alone?" Hall asked anxiously. "Are you going to cry, kid?"

"No, I'm not going to cry," Abigail replied.

"We don't want to bother you," Ben said, "but—"

"You're not bothering me," Abigail said. "It's quite all right. I am perfectly at ease. Go away."

"Beat it, cowboy," Hall said.

"She means you, Jack," Ben said.

He fished in his pocket for money.

"Here's the money for the trip. Go away, airman."

"You go away," Hall said.

"Everybody go away!" Abigail said somewhat distractedly. "I'll go away myself!"



"A.J.," Ben said, "I've got to talk to you; you know that. It might as well be now as later. What do you say?"

"Shall I bounce him, honey?" Hall said. "Is he annoying you?"

"He's right," Abigail said. "We do have to talk, and it might as well be now. Go away, Jack."

Hall went reluctantly, frequently pausing to glance back at them. Abigail knotted her fingers more tightly and contemplated her feet.

Moving closer to her, Ben attempted one of his widest grins. It barely stretched the corners of his mouth and slowly deflated, leaving nothing behind except a sad grimace.

"You may proceed, Castle," Abigail said, after a short grimace.

"I have several kinds of telling points I think I can make."

"The two important points have already been made: You married me

under false pretences, and you don't love me."

"I know I'm guilty on those counts, counsellor, but they needn't alter the essential business arrangement."

"Business arrangement?"

"Listen," Ben said, "let's hash this out sensibly, Abby. Mr. Graves put me up to using you—I'm not to blame for the whole mess."

"Did he put you up to marrying me?"

"No. That was my own idea."

"There you are," Abigail said.

"You're the villain. Essentially you're one of the bad men who try to steal from the land of the settlers."

"Very funny, Mrs. Castle. No doubt you recall last night at Las Vegas. I gave you fair warning on a couple of occasions. Suppose I did marry you without having stars in my eyes? After all, what did you have to lose?"

PART THREE OF A SIX-PART SERIAL

"Shall I bounce him?" Jack said, taking Abigail's arm. "Is he annoying you?"

When Abigail merely glared, he went on: "We've disposed of your side, A.J. Now consider my predicament. Although I did some kidding on the subject, I was frankly scared. I know a lot better than you that Harry Kallen means business; I was hunting for any cover I could find. I admit my conduct wasn't strictly ethical, and yet you certainly couldn't have been under the delusion, after what I said to you."

"You said you loved me," Abigail said.

"You said you loved me, for that matter."

Abigail said: "That is definitely withdrawn."

"Agreed," Ben said. "So now, this is a legal arrangement, underwritten by the State of Nevada. In return for lending me your name and presence, you get board and lodging, as reasonable an allowance as Mr. Graves will go for, and an

attentive audience of one to listen to your lectures on morality and the beauty of it all. Otherwise, you have no further obligations to me."

"As soon as Kallen is paid off, you can divorce me and devote yourself to good works or something. If I know my character, I'll have given you plenty of grounds for divorce by then. Incidentally, I'll be happy to split whatever is left with you when the debts are settled."

He added: "You're a lawyer, and I know you'll want all this in writing; that's fine with me, A.J., in such a temporary arrangement, could you ask for more?"

For answer, Abigail slapped him. Then she held out her stinging hand in the manner of a pup extending an injured paw and began to cry.

"I'm sorry, Ben," she sobbed.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 18, 1950

THE BEST RESULTS for all Scones, Cakes and Pastries are assured with AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER.

Page 5

FINDINGS

SUSAN was thankful when the bus reached the terminus, although it brought the decisive moment of her life nearer.

Everyone else seemed in a hurry, too; pushing and jostling each other to get off the bus; some at the double to catch another, some to set off on foot, all wearing that set, no-time-to-love expression so common to London travellers.

Was she in a hurry? She was not sure now.

She waited till last on the bus because being hustled invariably ruffled her temper as well. While waiting she collected her things together, retrieved a glove, shook off the dust and thought, he will notice that.

Francis always noticed wear and tear, whether seams were straight, powder the right shade, or a hair out of place. That was what came of being a famous dress designer, she supposed—and sighed. The glove was grubby now. What a nuisance. She would like to brandish it in front of him before he could comment, and say, "Look! My glove. Soiled. Dropped on the floor of a bus. No, not a taxi. An ordinary bus."

Now why should she feel like saying that to Francis? She should be feeling scintillating, gay, and woman-of-the-world. With her elegant suit, designed by Francis; her hat, created by Francis, but at her own angle; her sleek hair style, advised by Francis. She should be.

"Hurry along, miss," called the conductor, leaning in, but concentrating more on his verbal horseplay with the conductress suspended provocatively from a departing bus.

Everyone was in a hurry. Susan stood up and it was then that she saw the parcel. Probably it belonged to the conductor. She glanced towards him. He was twisted backwards, aiming shafts of wit at the retreating tail-board. She glanced back at the parcel. When in doubt she was in the habit of asking herself, "How would I like the other person to react for me?"

"How would I like a person to react if I had left a parcel behind?" she asked herself now.

The parcel, bulky and somehow pathetic in its hastily wrapped brown paper, answered for her, it just asked to be rescued. She glanced at the conductor, now lounging towards the office. Then she turned and bent over the seat. "Urgent," she read. She lifted the parcel and some of the string slipped so she had to put it down again and retie it. "Urgent," it said on the other side. She left the bus, cradling the bundle in her arms, and ran after the vanishing back. "Conductor," she called. "Con-

Susan was frantic. No one would take the parcel.



Wynne Davies Page 6

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1950

KEEPINGS

By . . .

MARIE ANTHONY

doctor, please wait a minute. This parcel . . ."

But he would have none of it. He looked at it without liking, without interest. "Nothing to do with me, miss, not now," he said. "Not my responsibility. Not once it's off the bus. Not once I'm off the bus."

Susan tried remonstrating with him. She tried pushing the parcel upon him. He thrust it back upon her with scant regard for chivalry or the slipping string.

Her temper was ruffled. Why had she ever picked the thing up?

"I'm sorry, miss, to seem dis- obliging."

"Really?" she exclaimed. She did not believe in his sorrow.

"But you see, miss, if I go taking parcels like that," he continued per- suasively, "I'll get into trouble. That wouldn't do, would it now?"

The bus driver, smoking a con- tented pipe, added his quota. "He's right, miss," he told her. "Can't do that there 'ere. There's a nice police- man. You ask him what to do with it."

The policeman could not relieve her of it either. His suggestion that she take it to the police station, half a mile away in the opposite direction, was ponderous but meant to be con- structive.

Her exasperation grew until it be- came a live thing rising in her throat. "But I have to be somewhere at . . ." She glanced anxiously at her watch. "I should be there now. Oh dear! I can't go trailing off with a great heavy parcel to some benighted police station. I don't even know where it is. I shall be searching for it for ages."

Francis would be shaking the cock- tails. That, she supposed, was what men-about-town did a few minutes before the arrival of their unsophis- ticated girl-friends. Shaking cocktails at a cocktail cabinet which appeared out of the wall when he pressed a button. And he would be wearing a spotted silk dressing-gown, she sup- posed, over his spotless white shirt; his dinner jacket carefully placed over the back of a chair—no, on a hanger. Perhaps he would be raising a quizzical eyebrow to the clock, thinking it was fast because, of course, she would never be late, not for her first dinner alone with the famed Francis at his equally famous flat. Oh no!

She fought down her exaspera- tion and stared at the parcel. It looked even bigger than before. "It says urgent," she said lamely.

No one troubled to verify her statement.

"Look!" she cried dramatically. "It may have some identification inside. Will you stand there and watch me so as to prove . . . you know. I'm going to open it." She ripped off the paper reck- lessly.

"Well, what on earth's that?" they all asked, with three different ways of saying "earth."

"Advertisement blocks," identified Susan, with the superiority of the more intelligent sex. "Ah, here's a note."

"Urgent," the note repeated. "De- liver to Mr. Manning, 'Daily Glean- er,' not later than . . ."

Susan bundled the paper round the blocks again and carried every- thing into a phone box. Mr. Man- ning should be notified that his urgent blocks were here, and then she would take a taxi to the flat. Perhaps phone first to explain she had been delayed. No, she wouldn't phone first. Francis could wait.

While she waited for the "Daily Gleaner" to come through on the line she pictured Francis waiting.

He would put on that record "So- phisticated Lullaby," to which they had first danced, play it softly. He would turn down the lights be- comingly, leaving one standard lamp casting a soft glow over the back of the couch.

"'Daily Gleaner'?"

Susan vacated Francis' couch mentally. "Have you a Mr. Man- ning?" she inquired solicitously. "Would you put me through to him then? It is urgent," she added.

They had a Mr. Manning. In Advertising. In a couple of seconds he came through on the line. "Peter Manning here."

His voice was so nice. Susan was momentarily nonplussed. She

had been expecting Mr. Manning to sound harassed and peevish. Very fussy and old.

"Hallo," she greeted the nice Manning voice.

"Hallo there! Manning here. What can I do for you?" This last sounded most solicitous.

She had been going to inform the peevish Mr. Manning that she was sick of his parcel and he'd better do something about it. But she found herself starting to tell Peter Manning the story from the moment she had been left alone in the bus.

He interrupted her with a whoop of joy. "You—angel! You are—you must be. I've been tearing my hair over those blocks. Where are you? Gosh, I'm grateful to you. I'll be right over. As you're in a hurry, perhaps you wouldn't mind just leaving it at the depot office there? I won't be more than a couple of minutes though. I have a car at the door. I would like to thank you personally—but, of course, if you're in a hurry . . ."

In actual fact it took Peter Man- ning seven minutes. He zoomed round the bend and tore on three and half wheels into the bus ter- minus and screeched to a standstill opposite her. She had decided that it was hardly worth leaving it at the office for the sake of two minutes. She was so late now that even seven minutes couldn't make much dif- ference.

Peter Manning raised his hat from hair nicely tousled, which did indeed look as though it had been torn. But it was nice hair. Not smooth, dark hair like Francis'. It was reddish- brown, and—well, nice. His face was nice, too. Not good-looking, but strong and kind of crinkly.

They looked at each other with quick approval before getting down to business.

"I repeat, you are an angel," he said disarmingly, looking so cheerful despite all the anxiety. Susan's heart felt lighter for meeting him. He radiated cheerfulness. "Could I drop you anywhere?" he asked. "I have to hand this in forthwith, after which I intend eating." He smiled cheerily.

Susan's heart lightened even more. "I should like to show my gratitude in some practical way," he continued. "But I know you're in a hurry and already I've made you late for your appointment." He paused, his eye- brows raised in interrogation, which

made three little lines appear in- quiringly on his forehead. They were interesting eyebrows, also reddish- brown, and rather fly-away.

Susan said it would help a lot if he would drop her near Chancery Lane underground station.

Outside the "Daily Gleaner" office he said: "I won't be a couple of minutes. Do you mind waiting? I'm afraid I've made you terribly late."

She forgave him with a smile. "I'll tell you what I would like to do," she said. "Just telephone to say I'm on my way—and then I need not panic."

Please turn to page 52

"I must say I'm glad you came on here when you found your friends were out," Peter said, turning to Susan.



ILLUSTRATED
BY WYNNE
W. DAVIES

the Hour Glass

By
FRANCIS K.
ALLAN

Always she had planned to face the problem of Tom to-morrow, and to-morrow had been endless. Now the old escape seemed gone forever.

FEBRUARY twilight was gathering at the studio windows when the telephone rang just as the camera clicked. Eric answered. "No, she's busy," he said impatiently. "Never call here when she's busy." He turned back to the camera.

Joan's lips barely moved while she held her pose. "Who was it?" she said.

"Grant. Don't ask me what he wanted. You know how I despise your husband's relatives. He—Oh, blast! We may as well give up for to-day." He left the camera and walked over to the window.

Joan stood up and flexed her legs to ease the stiffness. In the dressing-room she put on her street clothes, combed and shook her black hair lightly, and snapped off the light. Eric was still at the window.

"One o'clock to-morrow again," he said. "I want to finish this before it goes flat. Come here." In the shadows his eyes were black and intense, his face gaunt and restless. "Start eating more," he said brusquely. He turned her head from side to side. "And stop thinking about your husband."

"I'm not thinking of Tom. I haven't seen him in two months," she said.

"Good." His jaws relaxed slightly. "It occurred to me last night: You can't speak a decent word of French. I'll find a teacher for you this spring."

"After you've fired the first three for not teaching it your way?" she teased, but there was a glow in her eyes. For a year and a half she had feared and worshipped Eric Coving, who had admitted her to the inner circle of his disciples. It was spoken of in almost hushed words

in the trade. Coving, the master of the camera, had chosen his subject. He worked only with Joan, now.

She was his creation: the way she smiled, the way she moved, the way she closed her eyes and tilted her head—all those things had come from Eric. This spring she would learn French, as he wished. And after French, Eric would find something else.

"Your eyes are quite lovely when they're looking at me," he said. He laughed and kissed her. "Sometimes you're almost beautiful, Joan."

That, from him, was praise from the gods. "Thank you, Eric," she said. "I'll be here to-morrow at one."

"Remember what I said," he called. "Eat more."

The world beyond Eric's studio seemed listless and routine. Twilight was gone when she reached her apartment building on Central Park South. Grant Barclay was sitting in the chair by the elevator, his bulky overcoat heaped in his lap.

"Hello. I was going to call you," Joan said. "Come up and have a drink."

"Can't take it. I've got to do an appendectomy to-night." He lumbered behind her into the apartment. "Someday, I'm going to break that self-centred Eric Coving's neck . . ." His words wandered, and he rubbed distractedly at his few strands of hair.

He was very tired, she knew. In many ways she knew Grant better than she had known even her father. Grant was the doctor who had cared for her broken ankle, three years before. One morning in his office he had introduced her to his nephew, a plain tall man named Tom.

Six months later Grant had given her away as Tom's bride. He had not once taken sides during the two years of her marriage to Tom. Nor had he issued any pompous verdicts when, six months ago, she'd told him that she and Tom were through.

"It's going to snow," he said. Again he rubbed at his hair. "Tom says he hasn't seen you in a couple of months."

"No." She glanced up. "Has he come back from his sales trip?"

"He flew in this morning." Grant turned from the window and shook himself, as if bringing himself back to the room. "He asked me not to tell you about this."

"About what? Oh, don't be a fool," she said impatiently. "If anything's wrong, Tom's my husband—legally, at least."

"All right, I'm going to tell you, or I wouldn't have started," Grant said. "I took X rays of him this morning. He's going into the hospital Sunday, and Monday I'll do an exploratory on him."

"An exploratory?"

"That's an operation to find out for sure; to see if the trouble you suspect is actually there." He looked down at his massive hands. "I decided to call you. I've never interfered with you and Tom, and yet this time—"

"Grant, stop muttering! Tom's sick, is that it? How sick, Grant?"

"I won't know until Monday. After Monday, I'll know definitely, one way or the other."

"But that isn't an answer!" Joan protested. "Grant, stop staring at your hands and look at me! Are you thinking that Tom is going to die?"

Please turn to page 66

birth dalglish

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Sometime, Never

Continued from page 4

HOW easily and completely it had worked! She might just limp verbally to the end of this scene. Maybe that emergency morale that women had would just get her through the evening.

And while he stood with his back to Rose (looking at a hung-up map of the world) on his way towards his exit, he thought how easy it had been (as easy as murder!). To wreck Jenny. To wreck his love for her, to risk the play—and save what? Not even natural masculine hypocrisy could suggest it had been to save Peggy's happiness! Might it not have been, then, to save himself—and from those very forces that the play itself glamorised into a justification of human life?

Richard went up the staircase and along the corridor towards his dressing-room. The door of Jenny's dressing-room was half open. He heard Peggy's voice:

"—Now a stiff little brandy, Jenny! And you'll be all set. I told you, my dear, Richard always does it! It's his way of trying you out! And honestly, Jenny, it isn't personal, believe me! Here, dear, drink it down. That's better! You look fine already. And you're going to bring down the house in the next act! Now let me tell you, Jenny: for all Richard put you through it, when he came off he came straight to me and said he was absolutely thrilled with your performance."

"... Did... he?" Jenny's voice.

"You bet he did. Come on now! Think of Australia, my dear!"

Richard turned on his heel and made for his own dressing-room.

He heard the call-boy's "Five minutes, please..."

The curtain of Act II went up on Peggy's scene with Denis and Claude Shane, the latter as Picard (the great Paris couturier) who is staying the week-end with the Bracknells.

Peggy was "lifting" the scene with practised ease. Feeding Claude Shane, whose speech at the beginning of this scene always made the stalls chuckle outright, and got the gallery intermittently guffawing.

At the end of this speech:

"... to me a woman is, but exactness, as the bare room to the decorator! As the raw chicken to the chef! 'Raw'—that is the word, Lady Bracknell. She is uncooked as a potato, and it is I, Picard, who cook her! Who make her appetising!—delicious!"

Rose is shown in by the butler.

Richard, waiting for his entrance, heard Denis: "Lady Bracknell tells me you've been angelic and promised to make up a four at bridge."

Jenny opened her lips, and shut them without being able to say her line. He heard Denis improvise:

"It is kind of you to have come!"

"But—aren't you four?"

She'd got her voice now, but it was hardly more than a plucking at strings. Richard could feel the audience's attention, suspended, uncertain—even, tentatively, hostile.

Lady Bracknell: "Monsieur Picard doesn't play!"

It was only when Denis, putting her into a chair, lighting a cigarette, and putting it in her mouth said his: "Aren't you a gambler? Don't you like risks, Miss Smith?" that some intuitive impulse in her (stronger it seemed than her nervousness) seemed to seize her, and she answered: "I'm sure I should like it," with that same mixture of innocence and excitability that she'd so exquisitely put over in the schoolroom scene and that had seemed to predestine her Rose as a tragic victim of her passions.

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Richard had the impression that the stalls had lifted its head and pricked its ears. For now Jenny's knowledge of her part, that came, somehow, from outside herself, persisted; and this intuition of hers (or whatever it was) not only galvanised each of her next sentences and movements, but set flowing a current of excitement and sympathy between her and the audience.

Within half a dozen sentences Richard could see that they were tense, unmoving; not a single one of them losing, it seemed, one syllable of what she said. And by the time Richard himself was on the stage and, as Bracknell, was flirting casually with her, each swift beat of Rose's heart seemed to have a following beat in every heart in the darkened theatre...

"She's 'got them' all right! Got them back!"

It was Denis who whispered it, as he and Richard made their joint exit, leaving the stage to Rose and Picard. Richard heard Picard's:

"Mam'selle, if only you should permit me to translate you. You need, Mam'selle, like ah! how many pretty Anglaises, to be translated into French..."

Rose had, at this point, to maintain her reality and the tenseness of her interest in and almost against the frothy, bubbling tide of laughter. And her only line at this point to maintain her own significance against Picard was: "Do you think that I could be translated? Do you? Really, Monsieur Picard?"

Sentimentality, or pure seriousness, or innocence, couldn't possibly have held an audience now so relaxed by amusement. What Jenny miraculously did was to mix in, with the charm of innocence and gaucherie, the very first gleam of a mad vivacity that nothing in her school-marm's dim little life had yet brought out.

AND how they caught this! Richard and Denis heard a cooing ripple cross the tide of laughter—and the cooing ("Just listen!") whispered Denis) was for Jenny!

The final curtain came down, and went up again.

Again and again Jenny was called. Once again it came down only to be lifted, still once more, by that roaring surge of enthusiasm that seemed to break on to the stage, and swirl about the small bright figure of Jenny, recoiling only to break forward and up again, across the orchestra, and once more over the footlights to her lighted feet.

Richard, in the wings, tried to light the cigarette that Peggy handed him. And it was Peggy's voice that pierced the steady roaring and clapping with "My goodness, that girl's got something!" and Peggy's hands that clapped beside Richard, frantic like caught wings.

When the curtain finally fell, Peggy and Denis from the other side of the stage rushed forward to Jenny, who, so abruptly insulated from the stimulus of her audience, seemed to waver, to grow smaller, and for a moment to lose radiance, until this new surge of eagerness and congratulation steadied and lit her again.

Lit her so that the next moment Richard's smouldering indecision seemed to catch fire from her, to flare like hope and burn like certainty. Surely the whole decision, the whole responsibility, was now snatched from him? Perhaps, after all, there was a fated rightness in his association with this new, brilliant, moving Jenny?

He went to her, catching her hand in his. "Jenny, you were unbelievable!"

Please turn to page 22

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1950

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POLE FISHING FOR TUNA



TUNA CLIPPER Senibua, which recently arrived in Australia from Fiji to fish for tuna. Owned by an American company, she cost £60,000.

U.S. clipper operates in Australian waters

By T. C. ROUGHLEY

Standing in the high wheel-house of the Senibua as she chugged through a choppy sea five miles north-east of Eden, New South Wales, I was listlessly watching the mollyhawks and muttonbirds swoop over the surface of the water.

Suddenly from aft came the screech of a horn. Instantly the skipper signalled "stop" to the engine room. All hands rushed down ladders and along passage-ways to the stern of the boat, grabbing bamboo poles, donning belts, and lowering the fishing racks over the side.

THE horn was the signal for the Senibua's version of "action stations." It meant that a fish had struck a feather lure on the end of one of the two lines trolled over the stern of the boat.

When the fish are biting all 13 of the Senibua's crew, fishermen, engineer, and cook, drop the job of the moment and run. Pole fishing is strenuous and exciting, and it is the most efficient way of catching tuna.

The Senibua is a 75-foot motor vessel, which cost £60,000 to build and equip. It carries a small seaplane which is used for spotting schools of tuna on the surface.

There are several other ways of locating schools of tuna. When the sea is calm the look-out in the crow's nest watches for them to break the surface of the water.

When the sea is choppy vast numbers of muttonbirds flying excitedly close to the water sometimes indicate a school.

Tuna congregate where food such as pilchards, anchovies, jack mackerel, sprat, or small squid are abundant. The same fish attract the muttonbirds.

But the schools may be deep, with only a few fish scattered near the surface, and it is then that the trolled lines with feather lures on the hooks locate them.

Within seconds of locating a school the crew lower racks over the side to form a fishing platform. They each don a leather belt, fitted with a socket to carry the base of the bamboo pole, scramble over the rail, and take up their stations.

Meanwhile the "chummer" on the

upper deck is throwing overboard handfuls of small fish—"chum"—is the American term for "burley"—from the bait tanks to attract the tuna to the surface.

The bamboo fishing poles are nine or ten feet long. Secured to the tips are lines about four feet long, terminating in a two-foot wire leader, which bears the hook.

The hook, always barbless, may be baited at first with the live fish used as "chum." When the tuna are biting freely feather lures replace the live bait.

Rain of fish

TUNA strike from below with great speed. Immediately one strikes, the fisherman jerks back the pole. The initial momentum of the fish eases the strain of lifting it. Almost invariably the fish frees itself from the hook as it hits the deck.

Back goes the line into the water. In a fast-biting school there is a steady rain of fish on the decks. Sometimes a tuna clipper takes 30 or 40 tons of fish in an hour or two. One boat once took 100 tons of tuna in a single day.

Some tuna are too big for one man to handle. If they are over 30 pounds, lines from two poles are linked by swivels to a common metal ring from which hang a single leader and hook. Thus two men with two poles fish the same line. For very big fish teams of three, four, or even five men link lines together.

At times a big fish strikes, catches a man off balance. Either pole or man—occasionally a whole fishing team—goes overboard. Their mates quickly heave them back on board.

MR. T. C. ROUGHLEY, Superintendent of New South Wales Fisheries, has advocated exploitation of Australia's tuna shoals for many years.

This is his story of a day spent in the American tuna clipper Senibua, which has come from Fiji to make an exploratory cruise in Australian waters.

Senibua is owned by South Seas Marine Products Co., a company based in Fiji, which is a subsidiary of Island Packers Inc., registered in American Samoa.

Sometimes boats have been almost cleaned of fishing gear and have had to cruise round looking for poles instead of fish. To cope with that possibility, the Senibua brought 300 poles from Fiji, where she was fishing before she came to Australia.

On the day I went out in the Senibua, though the horn sounded two alarms, no fish were caught. Naturally I was disappointed but the crew, accustomed to many fishless cruises, were philosophical.

A few days later they moved north with the idea that the fish, which move from north to south, might be running late this year.

About 20 miles east of Jervis Bay a tuna struck one of the lures. In a few minutes blue-fin tuna averaging 25 pounds were raining on the deck.

Snap went a line. Crack went a pole. Big fish were about. Teams of two and three fishermen could





LANDING a tuna. To catch very big fish, three fishermen work in a team. The three lines are joined at a metal ring, from which runs a single leader and hook. Man on upper deck is "chummer," who throws small live fish on surface to attract tuna.

not handle them. Estimated to weigh between 150 and 200 pounds, they all broke away, leaving poles and lines littered all over the place.

However, three shoals were located that morning, yielding 12 tons between them.

That catch made history. It was the first commercial catch landed in Australian waters by the pole method of fishing with live bait. It was a modest beginning, but answered many conjectures. Live bait was obtainable, lived well in the tanks, and the fish bit freely.

The tuna fishermen usually catch their bait at night with a lampara net of fine mesh, first attracting the fish to the surface by projecting a strong light on the water.

Tuna, except in the hands of a skillful chef, is suitable only for canning. The natural oil tends to be rank. Canners cook the fish first and replace the oil lost in the process by a bland vegetable oil, such as cottonseed and peanut.

However, the Fijian cook in the *Scimitra* can cook fish as well as he catches them. The fresh tuna he served for lunch the day I was aboard showed the aptness of the Americans' name for the fish—"chicken of the sea."

Here is his recipe: He slits the tuna at intervals of about an inch along the back and sides and rubs

the slits with garlic. He places the fish in a baking-dish with the body cavity underneath, adds two or three cups of water and the same quantity of cottonseed or peanut oil. He bastes it continually while baking it, and serves with onion sauce.

This season's catches may not be great because the tuna are running erratically, probably because of abnormal weather. But the seed has been sown for a successful tuna fishery in Australian waters, for blue-fin tuna in great numbers are known to be off the coasts of New South Wales, Tasmania, South Australia, and possibly Western Australia.

Last year New South Wales fishermen, trolling jigs of bone or metal, landed 1000 tons of blue-fin tuna.

But there are other valuable tuna on the Australian coast. Among them are the yellow-fin, first caught in 1936 off Bermagui by Zane Grey, who said that he passed through acres of them, the striped tuna or skipjack, the albacore (most valuable of all, because its flesh is lightest in color), the bonito, the northern blue-fin, and the mackerel tuna.

Now that pole fishing has been proved a success, there is a great field awaiting enterprising fishermen. A keen market awaits canned tuna in Australia, and an overseas market may absorb the surplus.



MUTTONBIRDS (left) often indicate a tuna shoal. They are attracted to the same meal of small fish, create a surge as they move away from the boat.

FISHERMEN splash the water with the poles, trying to attract tuna to the surface. The splashing stimulates commotion made by fish when feeding.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 18, 1950



ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, and his wife are making a five weeks' tour of Australia and New Zealand. Mrs. Fisher is World President of the Mothers' Union.

Friendly Primate has keen sense of humor

By FREDA YOUNG,
staff reporter

First visit to Australia of an Archbishop of Canterbury has revealed in Dr. Geoffrey F. Fisher a man of forcefulness, versatility, and the gift of friendliness.

My first impression on seeing Dr. Fisher was of a coldly intellectual aesthete. But I found his mobile countenance responds immediately to any touch of humor and his laugh is vigorous and spontaneous.

DESPITE the cares and responsibilities of his office, the 99th Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England is human, hearty, and friendly, and a pleasure to meet.

The Archbishop has come to Australia with Mrs. Fisher en route to the centenary celebrations of the establishment of the Anglican Church at Canterbury, New Zealand. Both are delighted with the warmth of the welcome they are receiving.

"Everyone is friendly here," Dr. Fisher said. "In England we would have to be sure we liked someone before we would be as friendly."

To Dr. Fisher, coming from small and crowded England, the Transcontinental railway from Kalgoorlie to Port Augusta was a revelation. "I enjoyed every moment of it," he said. "It was a new thing to see a string of railway stations having only half a dozen houses each."

"Vivid in my mind is the work of the Bush Church Aid Society which I encountered. At Cook I met Mr. T. J. Hayman, priest in charge of the area, and several Association sisters, whose selfless labors provide medical and spiritual care to their scattered community. I also learned of the wonderful flying doctor service."

Asked about religion in Russia and whether he had met Alexei, Patriarch of Russia, the Archbishop said that Alexei and he often corresponded on the relationships and Christian fellowship between the Anglican and the Russian Orthodox Churches.

"We don't discuss political affairs at all," he said.

"My knowledge of the Church in Russia is not derived from Alexei, but from reliable observers in cities. The Russian Church enjoys a certain degree of liberty."

"Church is essential to the deep religious sense in the Russian people. They are free to offer worship and faith in God. They are perfectly free in church, and the churches are always crowded."

"But outside the churches influences are hostile to the idea of religion."

Getting down to more mundane matters, the Archbishop laughed when he answered a question, "Has the austerity drive in England affected conditions of living at Lambeth Palace?"

"Do you mean do I do my own

His flat is in a palace

cooking now?" he asked. "No, I don't do that, but the system at Lambeth has changed since 1947."

"The old system had become quite unworkable. The Archbishop used to maintain the whole of Lambeth—staff, repairs, and so on—out of his income."

"Lambeth was badly bombed during the war. A direct hit made a hole from top to bottom. To repair this would have been impossible within an Archbishop's income."

"So Church commissioners took over the property and with it portion of the Archbishop's income. They now run Lambeth. I rent an eight-roomed flat from them in the Palace."

"Part of the Palace, consisting of 17 bedrooms, two dining-rooms, and a large drawing-room, is run as a

guest-house for overseas bishops or other prominent Church people.

"I dine in the hostel most evenings to meet and chat with the overseas visitors. Recent visitors included the Bishops of Pakistan, Iran, Lahore, and Calcutta."

"Eight other rooms at Lambeth, including my study, are for myself and my staff."

The Archbishop also has a home adjoining Canterbury Cathedral. He goes there at Easter and Christmas and for a couple of week-ends a month.

Dr. and Mrs. Fisher have six sons. Only one, Harry, who is the eldest, is married. Their one grandchild, Emma, is a year old.

Although the Archbishop is a son of a clergyman, and his wife the daughter and granddaughter of clergymen, none of their boys has entered the Church.

Harry is a barrister, Frank a master at Repton, Charles a master at Harrow, Humphrey a film cutter, Robert a doctor, and Tim, the youngest, is at Cambridge. Tim, a music scholar, is in the King's College Choir.

Mrs. Fisher, whose christian name is Rosamund, is World President of the Mothers' Union. As a girl she trained as a kindergarten teacher under the Froebel system, and has not lost her interest in the well-being of young people.

In her busy public life Mrs. Fisher has always stressed the sanctity of marriage. The talks she will give to Australian branches of the Mothers' Union will be on that theme, and will attack divorce.

Mrs. Fisher said that child delinquency was a great problem in England to-day. To overcome it, the Mothers' Union was trying to strengthen morals and home bonds.

"A magistrate told me that 25 out of 26 delinquents before his courts recently came from broken homes," she added. "That is a strong reason why I fight divorce."

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Prince Charles fast growing out of babyhood



GOING FOR A RIDE. On his way to Wandsworth Common for an outing, Prince Charles takes great interest in the passing scenery.

Second birthday party will be simple treat for children

From ANNE MATHESON, in London

A leather saddle among the presents for Prince Charles, who will celebrate his second birthday on November 15, is evidence that he is no longer a baby.

Prince Charles will soon be having riding lessons. A Shetland pony called Cloudy is being trained now to carry a basket on her back.

CHARLES will have his first ride strapped in the basket, probably at Christmas, when he will go to Sandringham for the Royal Family's annual gathering.

Two candles will decorate the pink-and-white iced cake at the Clarence House birthday party. Baby sister Princess Anne will be a guest.

The Duke of Edinburgh, who is stationed at Malta with the Royal Navy, has sent a gift by air mail.

Warm and affectionate messages of congratulation have already begun to pour into Clarence House from all over the civilised world.

Princess Elizabeth will preside over the celebration, which is likely to be a boisterous affair. Charles is a sturdy youngster with a will of his own. All of the children who will be his guests are strong individualists.

But the party will be much the same kind of birthday treat as would appeal to any humbler family.

The spacious Royal nursery has been "cleared for action." There will be no organised games, but a shippy dip, sand pit, cuddly toys, and unbreakable dolls will be provided.

Parents of the guests have been asked to the party to help with the entertaining.

Children who will be present will include Prince Richard of Gloucester, Sandra Butler, Rosemary Elphinstone, and Marilyn Lyette Wills.

Both Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh are determined that their children will not be a peep-show for a star-struck world. It is to their credit that they have been able to create an atmosphere at

Clarence House that lacks pomp. They are trying to bring up the children like any other youngsters, with the same chance of happy and untroubled childhood.

Prince Charles is completely unspoiled. He is very friendly, and already shows signs of self-reliance.

He is tall for his age, has an attractive smile and a quizzical look that reflects his interest in everything he sees.

His hair is thick and is of a golden brown color, much darker than his father's fair hair. It is straight, and needs a lot of coaxing to achieve the soft curl that falls on to his forehead.

Although Princess Elizabeth has always encouraged Prince Charles to be friendly, she became worried when large crowds began to gather round him when he went for his daily outing in St. James' Park.

She began to fear that he might become precocious.

Prince Charles now takes his outings on Wandsworth Common, on



CHRISTENING GROUP. Her Majesty the Queen found grandson Prince Charles a handful when she tried to keep him still for this family group picture in Buckingham Palace after Princess Anne was baptised by the Archbishop of York on October 21. Recently the Queen said: "Prince Charles is into everything. We are kept extremely lively." The Queen will look after Charles when Elizabeth goes to Malta soon.

the outskirts of London. He goes there in a shooting brake accompanied by his nurse and a detective.

The Prince doesn't talk much yet. To his repertoire of a few words he has recently added "sis sis sister," finishing with a chuckle.

He shows signs that he has inherited his mother's love of horses, though Elizabeth has encouraged him to have birds as well as animals for pets.

He has unwittingly become a dollar earner because of his love for a yellow rubber duck.

Americans advertise similar ducks "As used in the Royal Bath."

American mothers have copied Prince Charles' clothes since his infancy. British manufacturers send a stream of mass-produced "Royal" baby clothes across the Atlantic.

Princess Elizabeth will go to Malta to celebrate her wedding anniversary with the Duke of Edinburgh after Prince Charles' birthday.

Though it has been rumored that Prince Charles would also go to Malta, this is most unlikely. Princess Elizabeth wants his upbringing to be as undisturbed as possible.

Prince Charles will have a tutor when he is seven years old. The Duke of Edinburgh would like him to have a public school education. There is little chance, though, that there will be a break with tradition.

To help groom Charles for kingship, some of his lessons will be done standing up, so that he will gradually become used to the fatigue of long and arduous inspections.

But he will not have any idea until he is seven that he is destined to be King of England.



WEARING AN OVERCOAT to keep out the early cold of the English autumn, Prince Charles plays in the grounds of Clarence House with his mother, Princess Elizabeth. Recently Prince Charles acquired a canary for a pet simply by claiming it to be his own.

PLAN-A-HOME CONTEST

ENTRIES for our £4000

Plan-a-Home contest, which closed on November 10, are still being sorted and filed in preparation for judging.

Last week's mails brought floods of entries from all States, and thousands of readers wrote to say that they had thoroughly enjoyed the contest.

The panel of judges—all experts—and the date on which the results will be published will be announced later.

"and she used to be the girl who wouldn't clean her teeth!"

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With instructions for the left-handed

Crochet is right back in fashion again—for gloves, handbags, hats, blouses, collars, table centres, runners! It's smart to do your own crochet—and it's easy to learn from this book, "Learn to Crochet," produced by the makers of Coats' Mercer-Crochet. Profusely illustrated, step by step.

Buy your copy (price 1/-) from your local chain store, newsagent or from any good needlework shop.

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G.B.12

Wit and wisdom of Bernard Shaw

George Bernard Shaw, who died this month at the age of 94, lived to see his name pass into the language. "Shavian" is an adjective with its place in the dictionary. It connotes wit that is daring, often shocking, nearly always profound.

THE Shavian, says that I follow are chiefly from a collection made by a friend and neighbor, S. Winsten, in "The Quintessence of G.B.S.," published by Hutchinson.

Money: I am far too busy to enjoy money: I have more than I want and I have had nothing; and the difference in happiness has been negligible.—Letter.

We are told that the love of money is the root of all evil; but money itself is one of the most useful contrivances ever invented: it is not its fault that some people are foolish or miserly enough to be fonder of it than of their souls.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism."

Education: If our Universities would exclude everybody who had not earned a living by his or her own exertions for at least a couple of years, their effect would be vastly improved.

Preface to "Misalliance."

Education is not confined to children; in fact, liberal education is mostly adult education, and goes on all through life in people who have active minds instead of second-hand mental habits. But adult education takes care of itself; all that the State can do is to take care that the materials for it, the libraries and art galleries and orchestras and open spaces, are at hand for it.

"Everybody's Political What's What?"

You are so careful of your boy's morals, knowing how troublesome they may be, that you keep him away from the Venus of Milo only to find him in the arms of the scullery maid or someone much worse.

Preface to "Misalliance."

Women: The difference between a lady and a flower girl is not how she behaves but how she's treated. I shall always be a flower girl to Professor Higgins, because he always treats me as a flower girl, and always will; but I know I can be a lady to you because you always treat me as a lady, and always will.

Eliza in "Pygmalion."

Women know instinctively, even when they are echoing male glory stuff, that communities live not by slaughter and by daring death, but by creating life and nursing it to its highest possibilities.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide To Socialism and Capitalism."

A bluestocking is a woman who has a mania for intellectual subjects without having a ray of intellect.

"A Glimpse of the Domesticity of Franklyn Barnabas."

Matriarchy is at present in such extensive private practice that clever and attractive women do not want votes. They are willing to let men govern as long as they govern men.

"Sixty Years of Fabianism."

Children: Every baby has to discover more in the first years of its life than Roger Bacon ever discovered in his laboratory.

"Back To Methuselah."

The child at play is noisy and ought to be noisy: Sir Isaac Newton at work is quiet, and ought to be quiet. And the child should spend most of its time at play, whilst the adult should spend most of his time at work.

Preface to "Misalliance."



SHAW. One of his latest pictures.

Marriage: . . . when two people are under the influence of the most violent, most insane, most delusive, and most transient of passions, they are required to swear that they will remain in that excited, abnormal, and exhausting condition continuously until death do them part.

Preface to "Getting Married."

All young women begin by believing they can change and reform the man they marry. They can't. Sir Arthur in "On the Rocks."

I know lots of charming women; but the worst of it is, they're all married. Women don't become charming, to my taste, until they're fully developed; and by that time, if they're really nice, they're snapped up and married.

Gregory in "Overruled."

Women don't always marry for happiness, sir. They often marry because they wish to be married women and not old maids.

Jiggins in "Faunty's First Play."

Changeable women . . . are more endurable than monotonous ones, however unpleasant some of their changes may be; they are sometimes murdered, but seldom desecrated; and it is the ups and downs of married life that make it bearable.

"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism."

That is the injustice of a woman's lot. A woman has to bring up her children; and that means to restrain them, to deny them things they want, to set them tasks, to punish them when they do wrong, to do all the unpleasant things. And then the father, who has nothing to do but pet them and spoil them, comes in when all her work is done and steals their affection from her.

Lady Britomart in "Major Barbara."

Doctors: The average doctor knows that a good bedside manner will carry him to solvency through a morass of illness, while the least attempt at plain dealing with people who are eating too much or drinking too much would land him in the Bankruptcy Court.

"Everybody's Political What's What?"

Himself: It is no more possible for me to do my work honestly as a playwright without giving pain than it is for a dentist. The nation's morals are like its teeth; the more decayed they are the more it hurts to touch them.

Preface to "The Shewing Up Of Blanco Posnet."

Editorial

NOVEMBER 18, 1950

MANTLE OF SAFETY

WHEN John Flynn, now Doctor Flynn, O.B.E., first went to the Northern Territory in 1911 as a young minister, he dreamed of ways to counteract the loneliness of the scattered people he met there.

The tall young Presbyterian parson of the quiet voice and gentle manner wanted what he called a "mantle of safety over the Inland."

At the time his schemes seemed impossible to achieve.

John Flynn's quiet manner hid dogged determination, and he worked long and hard to make his vision come true.

In 1912 the Presbyterian Church appointed him Superintendent of the Australian Inland Mission, which established nursing outposts and hospitals.

Wireless brought speedy communication for use in times of stress, when in 1925 the A.I.M. was able to install pedal transceivers with keyboards like typewriters.

Just as important, the keys tapped out friendly greetings and local news, and provided a substitute for a call on a neighbor—often 80 miles away.

Then came the Flying Doctor Service, later the Government-aided Aerial Medical Service.

The development of aeroplanes and radio, which brought safety to inland Australia, have also brought in their train perils which seemed remote 38 years ago when Dr. Flynn started the life work from which he is now retiring.

The population of Australia's empty spaces has become an urgent defence measure. John Flynn's work has laid a foundation that is an important contribution to Australia's future security.

OUR COVER

THE orchid shown on our cover was the largest and most exotic at the Orchid Festival of 1950, held by the Orchid Society of New South Wales.

It was grown by Mr. L. Sasso, of Henley, N.S.W.

The orchid is named *Brassia Cliveana*. Unlike most varieties it has a faint, sweet perfume.

Staff photographer Clive Thompson took the picture.



HANDSOME COUPLE. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hordern at the Derby. Mr. Hordern was one of the few men who wore top hat and morning suit with aplomb. Mrs. Hordern's suit was in sandy beige tonings.



ENGLISH HUMORIST Sir Alan Herbert was evidently amused by the story told by Mrs. Sam Wood when they met at the Derby Eve Ball at Earl's Court. Sir Alan is on a lecture tour of Australia.

Melbourne Cup Carnival

By JOYCE BOWDEN

I'M afraid that the modern male is no dandy, for although a number of members and visitors obeyed the V.R.C.'s request to wear morning dress and topers for the Melbourne Cup Carnival, most of them looked as self-conscious as debutantes.

Going down by plane for the Cup I found myself seated next to a gentleman who was struggling with a large box. As I deposited my hatbox he said, "Silly idea! Mine's a hatbox, too—for my top hat, you know." One's idea of the most precious piece of luggage is all in the point of view. Across the aisle was jockey Barry Smith, who was carefully clutching his saddles.

FASHIONS were left at the barrier on Cup Day, which began murky with lashing rain. When the sun came out to see the Cup, cloakrooms overflowed as women discarded raincoats, fur coats, umbrellas, sweaters, and even spencers.

EVEN the Begum Haroon didn't look as glamorous as she usually does when she arrived with her husband, Mr. Yusuf Haroon, Pakistan High Commissioner. She had to cover her lovely sari with a topcoat. I envied Mr. Haroon his warm Persian lamb fur hat.

"BELIEVE it or not, I'm attending my first Melbourne Cup," Gladys Moncrieff told me.

In previous years when in Melbourne, Gladys has had a matinee on Cup Day. "So I wouldn't let the weather stop me wearing my lovely new hat," she said. It was a big white felt trimmed with black.



GRAFTON VISITORS Mr. and Mrs. Sid Field arriving at Flemington for the Cup with Mrs. Philip Russell, of Beaufort, N.S.W., and Mrs. David Culbert, of Silepton, Victoria.



WATCHING THE DERBY. Mrs. John Wallace (left), Dr. and Mrs. Robert Poolman, and Mrs. Jack Cramer Roberts. The Cramer Roberts' plan to visit Sydney before Christmas.



LIFELIKE CHERRIES and a veil covering the face trimmed the smart hat worn by Mrs. John Rodd, pretty visitor from Saxafrax, at Flemington.



GUESTS at Derby Eve Ball, held at Earl's Court, Mr. and Mrs. Neville House, of Orange. Mrs. House tucked a rose at the neckline of her rose-patterned frock, were artificial.



AT THE CUP. Three of the smartest matrons at the Cup were Mrs. Elsie Robertson (left), Mrs. Graham Nathan, and Mrs. Leo Curtis, who pinned an outsize white daisy to the lapel of her black barethea suit.



CUP EVE PARTY. Mrs. Harold Holt (left), wife of the Minister for Immigration, with Dr. and Mrs. John Somerset at the party given by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nelken at their home, "Cloyne," Toorak.

GREAT amusement at party given by Thelma and Dick Newton at the Delphic when model of a horse which was part of the decorations fell down. As their horse Glen Ian had run second last in the Derby, Dick decided that fall might be an omen, so Glen Ian was scratched in the Cup. Party was a great success and there were lots of Sydney guests as Thelma hailed from Sydney before her marriage. Her beautiful gown of pale gold French faille had orchids in white and mauve tipped with yellow at the waist.

JOVIAL Tom Staughton took all the credit for his wife's lucky win on Jana on Derby Day. Getting into a £5 queue instead of a ten-shilling one, she realised her mistake just as she was about to place her bet. As she had promised to meet her husband and was then running a bit late, she recklessly plunged the five pounds. Imagine her excitement when she collected £99. "All due to my training in punctuality," said Tom. The Staughtons, who frequently come over to Sydney, are down from Benalla for the Cup and are staying with Tom's father.

POPULAR couple Betty and Russell Coldham, of Toorak, had one of the gayest young people's dances during Cup week, when Russell gave a coming-out dance for his daughter Josephine. Josephine looked the personification of a young deb in a strapless white organdie frock tying at the waist with a wide pale pink sash and the skirt falling in soft pleats from the waist. Betty's vivacious charm was complemented by her pine-green sheath frock of moire, which had flying panels of matching green tulle and a corsage of wonderful peonies which had to be inspected at very close range before it could be determined that they were artificial.

WONDERFUL party was given by the Louis Nelkens at their home, "Cloyne," on Cup Eve. I admired the flower arrangements decorating the graceful rooms and Mr. Nelken told me that he grows only flowers in the colors of their rooms so that all the year round he has blooms to match.

GUESTS at Chevron were Mr. and Mrs. Clive Carney, who combined a visit to the Cup with visit to their family, as their home used to be in Melbourne. Usually their daughter June accompanies them from Sydney when they drive down for the Cup, but, as she has just recently returned from a trip abroad, she gave the meeting a miss this year.

RAN into Sylvia Quist at the Derby as she arrived with her host and hostess Marjorie and Sam Pierce after champagne luncheon under the elms. "Feel almost like Royalty," Sylvia told me. "I was handed a list of engagements when I arrived in Melbourne, and there doesn't seem to be a free half-hour."

SYDNEY guests came in for a lot of good-natured ribbing from their Melbourne friends, for as soon as the first contingent of Sydney guests hit town it began to rain. "Keep your New South Wales weather away from here" was the usual greeting from Melbourne people, who were delighted to be able to turn the tables on us. On Derby eve it was a wild and squally night, and women in wonderful evening gowns, jewels, and furs, who had spent a good portion of the day at the hairdressers, arrived at the Derby Eve Ball at Earl's Court looking as if they had decided to copy the Duchess of Windsor's new urchin hair-cut—only theirs had gone wrong!

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"MOLLY"—A three-piece lingerie set with a half slip. The bodice of the nightgown features the new U-neckline with a self-trimmed edge with lace, and a pretty gathered skirt. The slip, chemise, and half slip are made to match. The material is a floral anglaise and the color choice includes pale blue, pink, and white, with a pretty blue and pink flower design.

Ready To Wear: Nightgown—Sizes 22 and 32in. bust, 41-9; size 36 and 38in. bust, 44-9. Postage, 2/- extra.

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Cut Out Only: Nightgown—Sizes 22 and 32in. bust, 40-3; 36 and 38in. bust, 42-3. Postage, 2/- extra.

Ready To Wear: Sealties—Sizes 24in., 26in., and 28in. waist, 30-3; 36 and 38in. waist, 32-3. Postage, 1/2 extra.

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Ready To Wear: Half Slip—Sizes 24in., 26in., and 28in. waist, 31-11; 36 and 38in. waist, 33-11. Postage, 1/2 extra.

Cut Out Only: Half Slip—Sizes 24in., 26in., and 28in. waist, 34-3; 36 and 38in. waist, 36-11. Postage, 1/2 extra.

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CREATION OF Richard Hudnut

Personality Quiz:

Are you adventurous?

Do you ever feel you would like to climb Mount Everest or sail down unknown rivers? Have you the qualities for adventure? Try this quiz and find out. Answers on page 24.

- 1—Adventure has taken many explorers away from homes for years, sometimes forever. Could you walk out on your family and comfortable home with such prospects ahead?
- 2—Are you nervous about walking home from the bus stop in the dark?
- 3—Would you rather go hitchhiking and camping than stay at a hotel?
- 4—Have you in the past few years studied any new interest—square dancing, skating, canasta, or a foreign language?
- 5—If planning to tour a foreign country, would you make all your hotel and transport bookings in advance through a travel agency rather than fend for yourself?
- 6—If you could not find someone to go to the theatre with you, would you be happy to go alone?
- 7—When travelling, do you worry about possible germs, strange eating-places, timetables, and baggage that may be lost?
- 8—If you won or inherited £3000, would you rather spend it on a trip round the world than on securing your future?
- 9—Do you stick to the same recreations every week-end?
- 10—Are you frightened of snakes, frogs, strangers, moths, or weird noises?

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by using
DOUBLE STRENGTH
GILSEAL DYES

FOR YOUR
FROCKS AND
CHILDREN'S
CLOTHING

YOUR CHEMISTS
ADVISE IS:—

FREE!



"How big was this frog?"



"You said we'd pretend we're customers, Butch, then at the right moment stick the place up. When is the right moment?"

It seems to me....

ONE reason commonly advanced for the continually increasing cost of living is that people don't work as hard as they used to.

There are three main reasons why people work hard. They are pride, fear, and the incentive of gain.

Pride is a driving force only when the job gives some sense of personal achievement. Unfortunately there are a great number of necessary jobs which don't come into that category.

Fear was a powerful force when there were more men than jobs. I hope there aren't many citizens left who think that that is a desirable state of affairs. Civilisation is only a name while fear of insecurity has to be the driving motive for making the wheels go round. There remains the incentive of gain, and a very powerful incentive it is. If more firms introduced profit-sharing schemes, the results in production might be well worth while. Those firms which use the system have little industrial trouble.

There has to be some constructive approach to the problem of getting people to work hard. Vague, general exhortations about the general good of the country aren't effective. They're too impersonal in their appeal.

Too many people who shake their heads over the evils of a 40-hour week have no conception of how long, boring, or exhausting even a 40-hour week can be when the job is dull or arduous.

They have to realise that, in a world of mass production where the satisfying jobs go only to the few, some other incentive must be substituted for the old-time craftsman's joy in work for work's sake.

THE British Overseas Airways Corporation plans to give free wines to passengers. "We shall try to offer the wine of the country over which the plane is flying," said an official.

They'd better be careful when the jet planes come into operation. Otherwise they'll be unloading passengers all suffering from mixing their drinks.

A FATHER of a three-year-old son tells me that he noted with interest and some apprehension his child's anticipation of Santa Claus.

Having been told that the old gentleman would be on view in the toy departments, the lad boasted for weeks about what he'd ask for. His preliminary speeches indicated that he'd tell the old boy pretty firmly what was wanted, and no nonsense brooked.

When the day came and the party set off per bus, tram, and escalator to meet Santa, the boy became a little more subdued with each stage of the journey.

Finally, when ushered into the presence, he became quite tongue-tied, and was with difficulty coaxed to make a meek request in a whisper.

The father wasn't really surprised at this. He recalls the many occasions on which he has rehearsed speeches for delivery to his employer, forceful, fearless, and to the point, ending with a brisk demand for the rise that is his due.

The boy, he realises, is a chip off the old block, but father isn't worried. He knows that in time the lad will learn to believe that he has been just as impressive as planned, and will retail the fiction to admiring listeners—"So I gave it to him, straight from the shoulder..."



Dorothy Drain

IF telephone subscribers don't protest loud, vigorously, and long, the day will come when nobody can call his phone his own.

The P.M.G.'s department, having introduced the duplex system of shared phones as an emergency measure, now appears to think it's a perfectly satisfactory device.

New subscribers have to sign an agreement that they won't object to a duplex. Old subscribers who move and apply for a transfer have to make the same promise.

Explaining that under the duplex system two subscribers have separate phones, numbers, and accounts, but share the same channel, the P.M.G., Mr. Anthony, said that the only disadvantage was that only one party could use the telephone at once.

Only disadvantage, forsooth! A pretty big one, especially as the saving in rental on one of these shared phones is ten shillings a year!

Mr. Anthony, justifying the system, said that many subscribers made only one or two calls a day, and should not be able to retain a monopoly of a service so desperately needed by others.

In the first place phone rentals are so high that a subscriber should be able to please himself about the number of calls he makes. In the second place, he might make only one or two calls a day for six months, then want six urgent calls in a row.

Nobody denies that emergency measures must sometimes be used to tide over difficult times. But it's the growing tendency to expect people to accept these emergency measures as normal which is so deplorable.

WHENEVER I hear of a fresh mechanical wonder, I speculate on how it would have been received by an elderly woman I once knew in a small country town.

She wouldn't go to the pictures, regarding them as alarming and evil. "Imitating human life, that's what it is," she would say darkly. "No good can come of such things."

She'd have been even more critical of the new electronic brain produced by Du Mont Laboratories in America. It helps a boss decide on the merits of various employees.

Cards fed into the machine will contain "employee profiles." They will list qualifications for better jobs, scores in various tests, special skill, and personal factors such as education and experience.

The machine at the touch of a switch will sort the cards and hand out first, second, and third choices for jobs.

Sometimes, morbidly surveying the development of machines, I am inclined to think the old lady was right.

PERFECT peace of mind is not only impossible but undesirable, says a Boston University psychologist, Dr. Wayland Vaughan.

Cheer up, you wage slaves and you harried wives! Be thankful for the troubles that beset you, For all the myriad fears that stab like knives, For every fresh alarm that comes to fret you.

Be glad of rising costs and taps that drip And trains for which you always have to hurry. If peace of mind should get you in its grip, Why then you'd have a far worse cause to worry!

Let baby lead a sheltered life...



You'll be thrilled with the change in Baby after you're "insect-proofed" your home with "Cyclone" Screenwire. He's visibly healthier and happier, eats well, sleeps peacefully. Baby is the helpless victim of biting, stinging, irritating, disease-spreading insects... he can't defend himself. But "Cyclone" Screenwire doors and window screens protect him completely, all the time... protect his food, too, against dangerous fly-borne contamination.

SCREENWIRE by Cyclone

See your Hardware Dealer now about Screenwire Doors and Window Screens. Consider too, the advantages of screening part of your verandah.

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The Swiftest Cleanser Ever!



Dissolves Grease on Contact

... Thanks to an amazing new ingredient.

Sudsing Action Sweeps Away Stains and Dirt

... faster than any cleanser you have ever used before.

Rinses Away Quickly—Completely

... Leaves no gritty sediment! It's safe! Kind to your hands!

Try it TO-DAY! OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

CLEANS FASTER, CLEANS EASIER, TESTS PROVE IT!

CHASES DIRT!

Sometime, Never

JENNY was radiantly happy. "Was I?" she said. "Was I really?" Her painted face drank in his look, her small restive hand accepted his; and her face and hand gave back, it seemed to him, a shining gratitude, an eager, excited recognition.

And yet both gratitude and recognition were pitched, he felt, not for him personally, but rather as if they should carry to that region of stalls, impending boxes, tiered dimmed circles, high imminence of gallery—to these and beyond.

What she gave him, he felt, was a too brilliant gratitude; and a recognition whose tenderness was presented and emphasised, whose fervency was timed. Somehow he felt vaguely uneasy. "I'd like to have a talk with you sometime, Jenny."

"I'll telephone you," she said.

He turned away, leaving her to the miniature triumph in which she'd be borne, now, by Denis and the rest of them to her dressing-room.

Peggy was waiting in the car outside the stage door. Richard got in beside her. She broke his silence before it could set. "Aren't you thrilled, Richard? I can't get my emotions regulated at all! As for our tour, darling, you and Jenny between you, you'll turn the Antipodes upside down!"

"You think we ought to take her then?"

"But, Richard! If ever anything were obviously booked for success!"

"You really think so, Peggy?"

He wrenched his thoughts from the small bright figure in the centre of the stage, and turned to look at Peggy; to realise her. The street lamps kept up a flickered profile of her, chin lifted, eyelids inscrutable, against the car's darkness.

"You really believe she ought to come?"

"How could either of us want anything else, now?"

"You mean, after her performance to-night?"

"Yes," she added, "How lovely the Palace looks! How becoming flood-lighting is to buildings . . . like love to women!"

Continued from page 10

He said, slowly, needing to speak, and yet not wanting to:

"I have, and awfully haven't, wanted Jenny to come."

Peggy turned to him and turned away again. For quite a time she said nothing. At last she spoke:

"Jenny will be wonderful—if she agrees to come!"

She tossed him this lightly, as the car slowed over the cobbles of their mews; then putting her latch-key in the door, she said:

"The telephone's ringing!"

When he followed her in she'd picked up the receiver.

"Oh? Yes . . . of course!"

She held it out to Richard.

"For you! It's Jenny. Here . . . take it."

Her manner had a sharp edge that glistened just a little like anger.

He took the receiver.

"Jenny?"

"Richard! . . . I've something I must tell you. Richard, are you there? Are you listening?"

"Of course." Suddenly, for some reason, his pulses thudded. A dark clutching of fear held him.

"What is it, Jenny?"

"I've got Gresham Carr with me. He . . ."

"He's bribing you, of course."

"Richard! He's offering me such a chance . . ."

"I see . . ."

"But you don't. I can hear you don't . . ."

He cut her short with, "You're not coming to Australia!"

"Not this time. Perhaps . . . but if you would just let me see you and explain."

Richard set down the receiver.

The log fire glowed. Peggy always had it kept alight for when they came in from the theatre. Without knowing what he did he went to it, and held out his hands to its warmth.

He was too pumbed to measure the flowing of time through the silent room. He seemed to have survived the whole intense course of a passion, or a mere lapse of seconds, before he became aware that Peggy had come in from the



MR. PIET MAREE

. . . Dutch author

DUTCH author-illustrator of children's books, tall, blue-eyed Piet Maree will settle in Tasmania with his wife and four daughters. With 300 books to his credit, he hopes to write Australian stories when his English improves. Began by drawing and writing about the picture at age of 10. Says daughters are good copy. Eldest daughter Gerda, 15, inspired his best-known work, "Jan Pierewiet." His books are famous in Europe. Two were published last year in America.



MISS JOYCE TRICKETT

. . . "Wooden Madonna"

WAR-RAVAGED cornfields inspired Joyce Trickett, of Armidale, N.S.W., to write words and music for song, "Wooden Madonna," which has been included in repertoire of singers of Oberammergau, Bavaria. She presented her song to village blacksmith, who plays the Apostle Peter in the famous Passion Play. Song is a great success in London. When she returns to Australia this year will go back home to keep house for family.



MR. MARTIN WANG

. . . Chinese diplomat

NEW Consul-General for China in Australia, charming Mr. Martin Wang takes up appointment in Sydney after nine years as Chinese Consul in Melbourne. Noted for hospitality and wide understanding of international affairs. Has held consular posts in India, Tibet, East Indies, and Saigon. Took M.A. degree while stationed in Melbourne. Is a graduate of Nanking University, too, and met wife there. Enjoys reading, cookery, and golf. Their teenage son Wai hopes to study medicine shortly.

kitchen and set a tray on the table.

"Your hot milk, Richard."

The glowing logs held his stare while he said:

"Gresham Carr's bought her!"

"Has he?"

"Yes. Which means she won't be coming on the tour."

Whatever the silence that followed held for her, he could feel only a dull, numbing emptiness.

When he heard her again she was saying:

"D'you remember that Irish girl you'd thought might do—before Jenny came into this run of 'Sometime, Never'? What is her name? I believe she's on tour just now."

"I don't remember."

"Oh yes, you do, darling! That girl with the toffee-colored fringe and enormous eyes—Charmian Brookel. That's it . . ."

A girl's voice appeared phantom for a second between him and the fire. He saw eyes, fringe, mouth. As it vanished he said: "Yes . . . I do remember . . ."

"Take your milk, Richard. At least we could try her. She was in that Shaw season. She's certainly got something . . ."

He turned slowly from the fire, and began sipping his milk.

"Has she? I don't remember."

The crystal chandelier (that had been in their English production of a romantic Cocteau play) showered down its light on Peggy's face that she hadn't bothered to make up again after taking off her greasepaint. She was saying of this girl, "a real ingenue; which is attractive . . ."

He was intently watching Peggy's face now; without being able to

translate it—yet needing to and wanting to.

He hazarded, "You're tired, darling?"

"No . . ." She moved her shoulder as if shaking off a clutch of chilliness and came towards him, and stood by him, not touching him. She said:

" . . . But you are, my dear. Come and try to sleep . . ." She took his arm now. Her tone pleaded to reassure him; as though he were feverish, or afraid. "To-morrow we'll get in touch with Charmian Brookel. Charmian . . ." she hesitantly repeated, making it sound pretty and sad- cadenced. "It's rather a name to be in lights, isn't it, Richard?"

"True," he agreed. And now it was he who said "Charmian . . ."

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Gives day-long protection

You, too, will be delighted with this new

Powder Deodorant

you spray on!

Here, as in America and England, smart women are finding SNO-MIST the ideal deodorant. You'll say so too!

It's so easy to be sure of personal freshness—all day and every day—with SNO-MIST, the powder deodorant you spray on. Just press the rubber cap on the top of the canister and a fine spray of Sno-Mist is applied where you want it. Its unobtrusive perfume makes this deodorant your own special secret. Checks perspiration, too. Non-irritant to skin, harmless to clothes. Start to-day—stay fresh the SNO-MIST way.

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POWDER DEODORANT

Sno-Mist is economical in use—hundreds of puffs in every pack!



Just press the rubber cap.

Price,
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SNO-7-34

MILDRED DILLING is not so well known as Harpo Marx. But according to Harpo she should be, because had it not been for her he might never have learned the harp (writes Roland Pullen from Paris).

"Mildred Dilling is on a world tour giving harp recitals," he says. "When I saw her in Paris she said she hoped Australia would be included in her tour."

Miss Dilling, a smiling forty-fiveish blonde, has taught Harpo the harp for 20 years. "He's very serious about his music, but he's never learned to read a note," she said.

"I find him an eager, if somewhat mad, pupil."

Harpo was appearing in two films in Paris cinema when Miss Dilling was there. Every session was packed. Miss Dilling's only Paris recital this season was given in a small theatre in the American Embassy before 250 people. No theatre in Paris would have been large enough to hold Miss Dilling's audience if she had advertised herself as "teacher of Harpo Marx."

She prefers to rest on her own laurels. And music critics the world over have proclaimed her as one of the greatest of living harpists.

Writing of her playing, Harpo said: "It's the harp on earth as it is in heaven."

Miss Dilling doesn't smoke and never drinks alcohol or coffee. "Music is stimulation enough for me," she says.

The main obstacle to the popularity of the harp is its cost, she says. Minimum price for a practice harp is 1400 dollars (£630). There are only 4000 harps in the United States, and Miss Dilling owns 32 of them.

The New Yorker magazine described Miss Dilling's collection of harps as "undoubtedly the most concentrated and impressive private collection of harps in existence." It includes African, Mexican, Irish, Welsh, Scandinavian, French, and Dutch harps, and some modelled after instruments discovered in Egyptian tombs. Miss Dilling says her Park Avenue apartment is decorated also with "objets d'harp."

WORTH REPORTING

Cats have sofas and a chandelier

AT the Crystal Cat Show held at London's Olympia, some of the entrants had real sofas, cat size.

One family of Siamese kittens had a dressing-table with a mirror and a glass chandelier hanging from the roof of the cage.

For the two days of the show, owners, mostly middle-aged women, sat by their pets' cages, their faces softened by cat worship, and their voices purring endearments.

Spectators discussed the show earnestly. "I was asked to enter my black Siamese," said one man. "They're very rare, you know. But I didn't bring him up. I felt sure he wouldn't like it."

IN a letter to a London Sunday paper, a Mrs. Pickering, of North Wembley, Middlesex, put succinctly her version of the female outlook on life. She wrote: "Women dislike complaining men, loathing up, and cutting bread—in that order. They like to be lazy sometimes, but this seldom happens."

Needleworker's long record of prizes

QUENSLAND woman Mrs. Emily Wright, of Mount Melum, Landsborough, has won more trophies for needlework than her sideboard can hold.

For 30 years she has entered her work in the fancy needlework section at shows.

This year she was the most successful exhibitor in the homecraft section of the Melbourne Show. It was the sixth time since 1935 that she had won that honor at the Melbourne Show.

In all she has won 8632 awards. During the war she raffled some of her trophies and raised more than £100 to help the Landsborough Shire Council buy a trainer plane.



"I wish you wouldn't always adopt a financial attitude towards the price of things!"

Film stars now have simpler tastes

FLAMBOYANCE is a thing of the past in Hollywood, and most stars live simple lives in order to save for the future, according to visiting Hollywood antique dealer Mrs. M. Hassell.

Mrs. Hassell, who is on a world tour, during which she will collect and lecture for the Baha'i faith, said that most film stars now build small homes of the Colonial farmhouse type.

Baha'i, a belief which originated in Persia in the 19th century, recognizes "all revealed religions" as manifestations of God.

Mrs. Hassell owns an early American furniture shop in Hollywood, and teaches rug-making.

"Braided rugs are very expensive, so some of the actresses learn to make them," she said.

"Eve Arden and Robert Young have two of the loveliest homes in Hollywood, and all their carpeting is braided."

The Queen keeps a locked diary

WOMEN who keep diaries will be interested to hear that the Queen writes her diary every night before she goes to bed.

She has done this for many years, using diaries specially made for her.

They are bound in deep blue leather, and have locks and keys. The King has said that he never knows the contents unless the Queen reads an extract aloud to him.

Her Majesty began to keep a diary as a girl at Glamis Castle. Someone gave her a lockable diary as a birthday present, and she said that she was so enchanted with the idea of a book that could be locked that she had to write something in it at once.

After a couple of years she let the diary lapse and didn't resume it until after she was married.

She has kept it ever since, and those who have read parts of it say that it is as clear and well-written as the celebrated records of Queen Victoria. But while Queen Victoria wrote about affairs of State, Queen Elizabeth keeps only a homely family chronicle.

Further and daughter in same show

A DAUGHTER stage-manages her father in the Melbourne production of "Worm's Eye View."

She is Barbara Brandon, and her father is 79-year-old Brandon Cremer, who plays the part of Mr. Bounty.

"He takes direction very nicely," said attractive, copper-haired Barbara.

Brandon Cremer is an Irishman with 60 years' experience in the theatre. He spent many of his earlier years in Australia, returned after 20 years' absence to play in "One Wild Out."

He was accompanied by his actress wife, Kathleen Arnold. She is Australian-born, and so are their two daughters.

"Kathleen has always looked after me and accompanied me on all my travels," he told us. "I'm not such a quick study as I used to be, but otherwise I can't say I feel my age."

Brandon Cremer gave Mo one of his first theatrical engagements. Mo was 10, sang a chorus, and did a cake-walk in a show at the old Adelaide Tivoli Theatre.

Mr. Cremer managed Melba for an Australian season, played with Nellie Stewart in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," and stage-managed the same show. He once produced 102 plays in 103 weeks at the Theatre Royal, Brisbane.

My favorite poem

Here is the favorite poem of Mrs. C. Johnson, 71 Hardy Street, Nedlands, Western Australia. Send us your favorite lines.

*A THING of beauty is a joy forever,
It's loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams and health, and quiet breathing.*
From Endymion, by John Keats.

Don't half-clean your teeth—MACLEAN your teeth for a double-bright smile!



Almost every day somebody writes to us about Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste. New users tell us how QUICKLY it has made their teeth gleaming white. People who have used Macleans for years tell how their friends and dentists praise their healthy teeth. In Great Britain, where the large number of people with very white natural teeth always impresses travellers, surveys have PROVED that more people use Macleans than any other brand.

**MACLEANS
PEROXIDE
TOOTH PASTE
makes teeth
WHITER**

They prefer Macleans because it makes teeth WHITER, QUICKER. The pleasant and refreshing "tingle" you feel when you Maclean your teeth is a sign that Macleans is at work brushing away film and stains . . . making your teeth whiter . . . giving you extra protection. Macleans helps to stop tooth decay, because it neutralises excess mouth acids IMMEDIATELY.

Read what users say in praise of Britain's biggest selling tooth paste

"Dentists have told me that I possess the loveliest teeth they have ever seen," says Miss A. D. Crawford. "I started using Macleans 19 years ago."

Nurse B. M. McGee said . . . "every patient at some time during his stay remarks on the whiteness of my teeth . . . I am delighted to recommend Macleans to all my patients . . ."

"I have tried many tooth pastes," wrote Miss C. Cullingford, "but until I tried Macleans, my teeth remained stained. On using your tooth paste my teeth looked white the very first day."

What Macleans has done for others; Macleans can do for you. So don't half-clean your teeth—Maclean your teeth for a double-bright smile. Buy a big 1/6d. tube today!

MTL:30P

TOP OF HIS CLASS!



GRAHAM ELITH of St. Leonards, N.S.W., is top of his class in English and Maths. —and is a star cricketer and footballer, too! "Graham's mother told us: 'Graham's health has never given me a moment's worry since his first birthday. Vegemite has been a constant part of his diet—and one of his favourite foods, too'. Vegemite is the delicious yeast extract that's nearly three times richer in Vitamin B₁ than other similar extracts! Rich in niacin too, and contains no starch, no wonder Vegemite is so important in kiddies' diets."

V07

5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit... and establish your natural powers of regularity. 85% of the cases tested did it. So can you. Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead, Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills, and week—one each night. 2nd week—one every other night. Then—nothing! Every day! Every night! Eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ Morning Departure

WITHOUT gush or fuss an independent British company has made "Morning Departure"—a tribute to the men of the R.N. submarine branch—a film to remember.

The submarine theme is not new, neither are the stock characters introduced into the conflict. There's the stalwart commander, the comic cook, the scared seaman, and the problem lieutenant.

These parts are enacted by John Mills, James Hayter, Richard Attenborough, and Nigel Patrick in that order, and each gives a choice version of his particular character.

Out on a routine exercise the submarine submerges and hits a stray mine. The only survivors are twelve men who are trapped in one watertight compartment as the vessel settles on the sea-bed.

Eight of the dozen escape with special equipment and set the whole vast machinery of salvage in motion.

It is impossible to remain unimpressed by the drama that follows—the race against time and weather to bring about the rescue, the hope and courage displayed by the doomed men, and the final let-down when victory is snatched away by a few short hours.

The whole film is enhanced by clever underwater photography and realistic effects.

In Sydney—State.

★★★ Le Roi ("The King")

A GENUINELY witty attitude combines with controlled gesture and dialogue to make the new French film "Le Roi" a lighthearted and delightful concoction.

Some of the humor is satire on French politics, so has limited appeal for Australian audiences. But, for the most part, this is comedy of character and situation which demands only a sense of humor to be appreciated.

The intentionally flimsy story concerns the amorous king of an imaginary country. He comes to Paris to negotiate a trade treaty, and there becomes involved in a series of romantic adventures.

Maurice Chevalier, as John IV, shows that true charm is ageless. Despite a thickening waistline, the Chevalier magnetism still shines in both his songs and his performance.

Outstanding support comes from two enchanting women, Annie Ducaux and Sophie Desmarats, both of whom have all the verve of the true Parisienne.

The photography is not all that it might be, and consequently a good deal of the action is semi-shadowed.

Dialogue is in French, with English sub-titles.

In Sydney—Savoy.

★★★ Champagne for Caesar

BESIDES bringing Ronald Colman back to the screen after a too-long absence United Artists' "Champagne for Caesar" has potent topical appeal in these days of radio quiz shows.

The frothy farce has Colman play-

PERSONALITY QUIZ

ANSWERS to Personality

Quiz published on page 20:

1, Yes; 2, No; 3, Yes; 4, Yes; 5, No; 6, Yes; 7, No; 8, Yes; 9, No; 10, No.

10-7: You may be adventurous, but possibly you need to be more cautious.

7-5: If you had the chance of adventure, you'd work everything out in advance. There'd be no shortage of provisions or common sense.

Under 5: Well, now. There's nothing to be scared of. No one will take you away from it all, because you're happy where you are.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average



CONGRATULATIONS are still coming the way of lovely Joan Caulfield and her husband of a few months, producer Frank Ross. In becoming Ross' bride, Joan is also expected to star in some of his future films.

vents the mystery from becoming unnecessarily involved.

In Sydney—St. James.

Stella

IT may be old-fashioned to be repelled by humor which has its source in murder (accidental or otherwise), illegal burial, and mass exhumations, but I found the goings-on in this Fox film unfunny.

In it Ann Sheridan plays the depressing role of the breadwinner for an unpleasant family which is out to collect on a twenty thousand dollar insurance policy at all costs.

Victor Mature is a very brash insurance investigator, and heads a cast which includes David Wayne and Lief Erickson.

In Sydney—Esquire.

ON OTHER PAGES:

Jane Russell in color page 49
Ellen page 50
The Gables are happy page 53

World's Most Popular Husband! with Prestige—World's most popular Pressure Cooker

What's he got that you haven't got? Not just a pressure cooker, but a **PRESTIGE**—the world's SIMPLEST, **LIGHTEST PRESSURE COOKER**, with quickest, easiest food removal. And it's 100% SAFER AND MORE EFFICIENT for use on any type of stove!

- Two types of heat-resistant handles—"Casserole" for easier handling, less stove and storage space; or long "Saucepan" type teamed with a safe-carrying handle.
- Absolutely safe! Safety release-plug is fitted UNDER locking cross-bar.
- Simpler to operate with easy-to-manage pressure control.
- Made of drawn aluminium—as light as, but much stronger than, an ordinary saucepan... sparkling mirror finish.
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- Saves you 75% time, 75% fuel, and ALL the flavour!

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3 aluminium food separators provided FREE with each "Prestige," permitting scald-free removal of food. Keeps all vegetables whole.

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And look at these
NEW REDUCED PRICES!
7-Pint Model £4/19/-
9-Pint Models from £5/ 3/ 9
12½-Pint Models from £6/ 4/ 3
* These prices, Sydney and suburbs only — slight variations in country areas and interstate.



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... makes the game easy —

On the playing field... or off. Lounging, lazing... or just creating a good impression, — you'll find success comes easier in a Sportmaster. There's something irresistible about Sportmaster — the perfect shaping of the genuine Pelaco collar, either open or with a tie... the soft flattering pastel shades and solid colours... the overall effect of quality and style. Only Pelaco can "do things" like these with a shirt — the *important* little things that do so much for *you*. There's nothing to equal a Pelaco Sportmaster.



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pleasing MEAL PLANNING THE EASY WAY

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Swift
HOT PACK RANGE

There's a deliciously prepared, palatable, hot pack for every occasion... Week-end or week-day, the **SWIFT HOT PACK RANGE** quickly turns "meal planning" into "meal pleasing" for the whole family. Simply heat, serve, and satisfy... it's so easy—it's **SWIFT!**

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STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING
BRAISED STEAK WITH ONIONS



GROCEER-SAM-BART

Swift FOOD PRODUCTS ARE ALWAYS GOOD—

*He'll wear it for years
without winding*

The amazing Tisot Automatic is a fine achievement by a famous old name.

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See the Tisot Automatic and the other precision-made Tisot watches, for men and women, at better jewelers everywhere.

Tisot
WATCHES

Made in Switzerland

SOLD AND SERVICE BY FINE JEWELLERS ALL OVER THE WORLD

SINCE 1853



MILTON: Great Puritan poet

● In 1642, when most Englishmen were buckling on their swords for the coming Civil War, John Milton, as he rode into Oxfordshire one May morning, was on a purely peaceful errand. But the results of that ride were to be as disastrous to him as the war was to most English families, for John Milton was in search of a wife.



JOHN MILTON, aged 21, when fellow-undergraduates at Cambridge nicknamed him "The Lady" for his priggish behaviour and snicky tastes.

THIS decision to marry had been no easy one. At 33, Milton knew lamentably little of women.

He had hardly known any beyond his mother, his sister, and the old maidservant who used to sit up until midnight for him when he was a boy to bring him a glass of warm milk after he had finished studying.

Truth to tell, Milton, the master poet, who was to "fix the English language in a perfect mould," was afraid of the fair sex. When a youth he had turned his fear into a virtue by vowing to remain chaste.

The self-imposed vow had lain lightly on him, for all his life he had been a serious student, intent on high honors, and to him the poet's calling was as sacred as the priest's.

He was a brilliant boy, and lucky in that his father, a well-to-do scrivener, delighted in fostering his great gifts.

Aged 16, Milton left St. Paul's School for Christ's College, Cambridge, where he stayed for seven years.

"The Lady of Christ's," fellow-undergrads nicknamed him, mocking his silky, light-brown hair, his small slim figure, pink-and-white skin, and fastidious ways.

Old Milton calmly received his cherished son's announcement that he intended to be a poet, and nothing else, and encouraged his life of intense study and meditation.

But in 1638, when John was 29, old Mr. Milton sent him abroad to gaze upon the world of living men and forget books for a while.

Milton had need to keep his vow of chastity in mind then, face to face for the first time with the novelty of throbbing Italian beauty.

But he merely wrote several poems in Italian to one woman and fell in love with the voice of the singer Leonora Baroni. Music was a passion with this stern Puritan.

Milton cut short his tour when he heard that political disorders would shortly split England in halves.

He settled in a house at Aldersgate Street, with a housekeeper, and while pursuing his own studies

tutored his sister's children and some other boys, the sons of friends who revered his scholarship.

For a time Milton toyed with the idea of joining the Roundhead armies, but decided instead to get married.

Was there not a chastity of marriage which would give scope to his sense of beauty, and bring peace to his passionate nature, he asked himself.

The problem was whom could he marry?

There was Mary Powell, daughter of Richard Powell, Cavalier squire of Forest Hill, near Oxford, with nine other children on his hands. She was just 17, a fresh, unsophisticated country girl, young enough to mould

The Powells had been acquaintances of the Milton family for years. Their social superiority was offset by Milton's financial superiority—Powell was heavily in debt to Milton through a loan made years before, which old Mr. Milton had put in John's name.

Without saying a word of his intention to his pupils, Milton rode

POETS in PRIVATE

off that May morning of 1642, stayed a week or so at Forest Hill, and returned to London with his bride.

Some of Mary's relatives accompanied her to London. A few weeks or so after they had returned to Forest Hill, Mary went back home on a visit. Milton consented on the understanding that she would return to him by Michaelmas.

He did not see her again for three years.

That is about all anyone knows for certain of Milton's honeymoon.

Yet the feelings can be imagined of young Mary Milton, transported from the warmth of a large, happy-go-lucky Cavalier family in the country to a quiet London house, where she was expected to be the dutiful helpmeet of a stern, solemn Republican twice her age, with rigid views about the subjection of women.

What was Mary to do all day while the formidable John read, wrote, or took his pupils through Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Italian, French, and Greek? There was no housekeeping to be done, no one to talk to except her gentle old father-in-law—and he idolised his son.

Mary did not take to "a philosophical life." Besides, the sound of the boys' shrieks, when John beat them—and he often did—tore at her nerves.

Michaelmas came and went, Christmas passed, and there was no Mary.

Milton's agitated letters went unanswered. He sent a messenger to travel the long journey on foot, and the messenger was dismissed by the Powells with insults.

By now, England was aflame with civil war. It was unsafe to travel and Mary could not have returned had she wanted to. London was held by the Roundheads, and every able-bodied citizen turned out to oppose the threatened Royalist assault.

Milton wrote a sonnet and pinned it on his front door:

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless
doors may seize,
If deed of honor did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect
from harm:
He can requite thee; for he knows
the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts
as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er
lands and seas...

Those for whom it was intended never read it, for the Royalist armies were diverted from London.

The city soon buzzed about a matter which had nothing to do with the fighting. Milton's resentment against Mary seethed and boiled over into the tremendous wrath of his pamphlets advocating easier divorce, which shocked and horrified both Cavalier and Roundhead with their "libertinism, heresy, atheism, and lawlessness."

Continued on page 28

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By GUS



Ask a Man

He'll find you
irresistible with
Cashmere Bouquet
Colourfast
Lipstick



DREAM ROSE
MEDIUM
SIGNAL RED
ROYAL RED
ORCHID RED
STOP PRESS
SCANDAL PINK
BLUE FLAME

Rouge to match each colour

LIPSTICK: LARGE 3/9, SMALL 2/4, COMPACT ROUGE: LARGE 3/4, SMALL 2/10

Cashmere Bouquet *COLOURFAST* LIPSTICK & ROUGE

He wants you to look your loveliest always, to be the very essence of beguiling charm, and finds you irresistible when your lips glow with the silken sheen of Cashmere Bouquet Colourfast Lipstick. Its glorious, glowing shades highlight all your appealing prettiness, its new, improved, creamy texture keeps your lips dewy soft. Oh, yes, ask a man!—and see his approval of your lovely Cashmere Bouquet lips, reflected in his eyes!

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FACE POWDER, MAKE-UP
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With the fragrance men love

CC11/709

Look at your skin

...others do!



Help skin blemishes disappear with

REXONA SOAP

ESPECIALLY MEDICATED* FOR 'SKIN CARE'

You simply can't hide blotches and other skin faults with make-up! But you can clear up blemishes with Rexona Soap because it is especially medicated with Cady! to restore skin to natural loveliness.



* Cady! is a fragrant blend of 5 rare beauty oils, exclusive to Rexona Soap. Rexona's silky-fine lather carries Cady! deep into the pores where most blemishes start.



X.151.VVVVZ

'Life's Worth Living Again'

Gives Kruschen credit for curbing rheumatism!

Popular "Charlie" White, head mechanic of His Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, and his wife are full of zest for living! Thanks to the regular daily dose of Kruschen Salts.

READ HIS LETTER:

"When my family grew up, my wife and I looked forward to taking up new activities. But, in the forties, rheumatism stepped in and at times even everyday work became hard with that nagging pain in every joint. Our chemist got my wife started on Kruschen and when I saw how free she was of the pain, well and bright again, I took it myself and, believe me, I've scarcely had a twinge of rheumatism since, and that was five years ago."



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Try! Size 1/9
Large Economy 3/-
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The Tonic Effect of Kruschen Keeps Millions of People Fit
GET THAT FAMOUS KRUSCHEN FEELING!

R. Griffiths Hughes Pty. Ltd., Box 1949, G.P.O., Sydney.

627/11

JOHN MILTON

THE tracts were denounced from the pulpit and recommended for burning by the public hangman.

As one biographer put it, Milton's Divorce pamphlets are "an extraordinary medley of high ideals, commonsense, tortuous reason, tragic pleading, priggish oblivion of the wife's point of view, splendid phraseology, modernist appeals to freedom from the letter of the law, medieval appeals to Scripture, and distortion of it for his purpose."

He advocates plurality of wives but not of husbands, divorce on the three grounds of incompatibility, mutual consent, or the husband's wish.

As time went on, Milton worked himself into convulsive fury at his own plight. In later pamphlets he gives vivid pictures of married incompatibility as "two carcasses chained unnaturally together."

He observes acutely: "All the ecclesiastical glue that Liturgy or laymen can compound is not able to solder up two incongruous natures into one flesh of true, beseeching marriage."

He glances obliquely at poor little Mary—"a mute and spiritless mate, an image of earth and phlegm."

He threatens that if Parliament will not give him relief from his invidious position, he will take matters into his own hands, post Mary a bill of divorce, and take another wife. Other unhappy husbands should do likewise.

When several London men-in-the-street paid him the compliment of acting on his words, the authorities took alarm, and complaints were made that Milton had issued his tracts illegally without official licence.

Milton, who loved liberty so much that he "couldn't bear his own garters," was stung to the famous "Areopagitica; a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." It, too, was defiantly issued without licence.

Areopagitica is still the war-cry of those who cherish the freedom of the Press, and it is one of the noblest pleas in English on behalf of liberty of thought and utterance.

The defeat of the Royalist armies and consequent ruin of the Powells together with rumors that Milton was seriously intending to try to marry another woman seem to have mended the marriage.

About July, 1645, Mary, with her family in tow, went to London and a grand reconciliation scene was staged.

Mary entered the room where Milton was conversing with his friends, fell at his feet and begged his forgiveness. She had "seen the error of her ways," and had acted as she did only under pressure from her mother, she said.

Milton took back not only Mary, but the whole horde of her relatives to live on his charity. Their sponging and their improvident, noisy, cheerful ways fretted him nearly beyond endurance, but he suffered it without protest.

With Mary's return, Milton's marriage passes out of view again. How they resolved their differences, whether they were happy together or ever enjoyed "conjugal sociability" is one of the unsolved questions of history.

Mary bore a daughter, Ann, in

Continued from page 26

July, 1646, who turned out to be lame and defective in speech. The next year came another Mary, high-spirited like her mother; then, in 1651, the beloved John, who died six weeks after his mother died in giving birth to her fourth child, Deborah. Poor Mary—she was then only 25.

Poor anti-feminist Milton, too, left with three girls to rear, at a time when he had become totally blind.

This tragic blindness had been threatening him for years, but he had ignored all warnings to cease reading and writing and so conserve his failing sight.

He had become a notable man, perhaps the first scholar in Europe. Cromwell had made him Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council of State. Besides writing and translating despatches to and from the Courts of Europe he wrote pamphlets for the Puritan cause, for instance the one defending Parliament's right to execute King Charles I.

He worked unceasingly until darkness descended on him.

In 1656 Milton married Catherine Woodcock, who gave him 15 months of the happiness he dreamed about. Then she, too, died in childbirth. The baby died soon after, and he was again alone in his blindness.

His daughters conspired with the maid to cheat him on the house-keeping and sold his books to get pocket money. But then, it might be asked, did he give them any?

Milton had refused to educate them beyond the rudiments. "One

tongue is enough for a woman," he maintained contemptuously. So the girls now grumbled at having to read to him. Who wouldn't, if compelled to

"Who can be ignorant that woman was created for man and not man for woman?"
—Milton (the anti-feminist) writing on marriage.

read aloud in Hebrew, Latin, and the rest, without understanding a word of it?

He sent them out to learn "some curious and ingenious sorts of manufacture" he deemed "proper for women to learn." Finally, they left home to support themselves by this embroidery work.

By 1660 Milton's outer world was in ruins. The Puritan party was outlawed, and he himself was under arrest for six months. Reprieved at last, with most of his income and half his capital gone, he was old, blind, and in agony with gout.

Yet he sang, talked enchantingly to the young men who gathered about him, played the organ and the bass-viol to divert himself.

And now he fulfilled the mission he had set himself so cockily as a smug young undergraduate by completing the most miraculous epics in English—"Paradise Lost," "Samson," and the lesser "Paradise Regained."

In these last years Milton married for the third time. His bride was Elizabeth Minshull, a kindly, domesticated girl, who took excellent care of him.

Milton had found peace at last in his garden, in composing his verses while sitting up in bed, listening to his wife sing, eating his supper of olives, smoking his beloved pipe, enjoying the homage of poets such as Dryden.

He died towards the end of 1674 and had "a very decent interment, according to his quality, in the Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate . . ."

The standard biography is Professor Masson's six-volume "Life of Milton." Shorter lives include those by Mark Pattison, Bell, Tillyard, and Saurat. Robert Graves' "Wife to Mr. Milton" is a fictionalized version of the poet's marriage.



Talking BIG

By T. Wendel Hills

A Column Written from The Wendel Special
W to XXXXXXOS
Fashion Salon

ONCE again a brand-new consignment of those wonderful British cotton frocks has arrived! They're styled in the popular shirtmaker design in gay colour combinations of blue, rose, red, green, or Autumn. They're in sizes SS.W. SW. W. X.W. SOS. OS. XOS. XXXOS. They're comparable in every way to many selling for two or three times their price! Yes, I have them for only 17/11. Send your order for one to-day.

EVERYONE loves a sun-dress. They're so cool and versatile. But not everyone realises I have them from as low as 22/6 in size right up to XXXXOS. Hard to believe, isn't it? These sun-dresses are made from British cotton in wonderful colours and designs. A little cover-up jacket to slip on for more formal occasions. Unusually large pockets are also a feature. Blue, rose, gold, aqua, or green tonings. SS.W. SW. W. 11/3/6; SOS. OS. 11/4/11; XOS. 11/5/11; XXXOS. 11/6/11; XXXXOS. 11/7/11. Mail your order to-day.

ONLY if you have worn a jersey dress would you appreciate how cool they really are! In my summer dress collection I have included beautifully styled floral silk jersey dresses with all the newest features . . . a flowing skirt that falls into soft folds . . . a scooped-out neckline for flattery. Some have crisp white backgrounds contrasted with eucalypt, aqua, blue, wine, or gold florals. Sizes, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100. They're crease-resisting, too!

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NOW is the time to think about that "extra-special" dress for Christmas "party-ing." No matter what your favorite style is, you'll find just what you're looking for in my collection. You'll find beautiful crepes (some lavishly beaded or finely tucked). I couldn't possibly describe them all in this limited space, so write, phone, or call in to my King St. Salon and I will give you my personal attention. The prices range from 44 to 119s.

T. Wendel Hills

1st Floor, 147c King St., Sydney, MA5794.
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ENOUGH'S ENOUGH. When Betty begs off that extra ride on the Big Dipper or Ghost Train have sense to know she really means it and don't try to force her to have just another ride.



BE A SPORT even if a Merry-Go-Round is a bit sissy. Have a ride to please her. She braved the big slippery dip, so it's your turn now.



ARE YOU *Good Company?*

● If girls turn down your invitations it's time you asked yourself why. It could be because you are not as good company from a girl's point of view as you think. Put yourself in the place of Dick, here, and ask yourself if you'd be good company for a night at Luna Park or some other fun centre.

NOT A WOLF. Betty likes it when Dick puts his arm around her in a friendly fashion without making it too familiar.

ENTHUSIASTIC. "Gosh, I haven't tasted this stuff since I was a kid," says Dick. Although you are grown-up, don't stand too much on your dignity. She'll like you for it.



PLAY UP TO HER. She likes to feel you are showing-off a bit for her benefit, and it makes her feel that you desire to please her.

CHIVALROUS. Dick can laugh when Betty loses her balance. But when she really gets into difficulties he should help sympathetically.



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WEST END STAGE STAR Sonia Dresdel formed the habit of smoking Churchill-sized cigars when she could not buy cigarettes during the war. She also smokes what she calls a "darling teeny-weeny little pipe filled with a lovely golden tobacco mixture."

West End star will do hit play in Australia

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

Four years ago English stage star Sonia Dresdel had to refuse an offer from author James Parish to take the lead in the West End production of his hit play, "A Message to Margaret."

On November 15 Miss Dresdel will arrive in Australia from England to star in the play there.

MISS DREDEL, a gay, arresting personality who has thrilled English theatre-goers with the range of her talents, played the vicious wife of Sir Ralph Richardson in Carol Reed's 1949 film release "The Fallen Idol."

I interviewed her just before she left London by air via New York, San Francisco, and Honolulu.

"When 'A Message to Margaret' was being cast in 1946 I was coping with other play offers and working in films," she said. "I just wasn't able to make it, much as I wanted to. Flora Robson took the part and did it magnificently. That, I thought, was that."

"But this year I had a letter from Mr. Ben Fuller inviting me to Australia to star in a play. Guess what? 'A Message to Margaret'!"

"Australia?" I said. "A Message to Margaret?" Oh, goodness me. Yes, please, very much! So you see I was just meant to play this part. And I've always wanted to go to Australia."

Moviegoers who have seen Sonia in "The Fallen Idol" and in other unflattering film roles probably think of her as a virago who beats small children, ill-treats animals, and occasionally dabbles in murder.

No glamor girl

BUT in real life, as on the stage, she is a woman of vividly changing temperament. One day she is a domestic soul grubbing in the garden to get all her bulbs in before winter. The next she is a sophisticated, stylish woman of the world attending a first night. She has a sense of fun little short of brilliant.

Sonia Dresdel is not a glamor girl, but I do not think this is a handicap. In the West End where glamor girls are two-a-penny, it is an asset.

During our interview, Sonia said to the photographer: "If these photographs don't turn out well I shan't blame you the slightest little bit. I have come to expect no miracles with an unconventional face like mine."



VITAL, ANIMATED Sonia Dresdel in her London flat. She is looking forward to surfing on Australian beaches this summer.

But there is the glow of real personality in her face and movements as she talks, laughs, and gestures.

The best character parts in the London theatre are given to women like Sonia.

In the light of her success in films, television, and on the stage, Sonia's parents may remember a little ruefully that they opposed her early ambitions to become an actress.

The line to stardom was even less straight for her than for most hard-working actresses. She came to it by a flanking movement, by guile, and by hatching girlish plots.

First she pleaded with her Yorkshire parents for lessons in music and elocution. Finally came a day when Sonia was to travel down to London for her final music examinations.

"By the way," she said when she kissed her mother good-bye, "there's also some sort of scholarship they audition for at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. You don't mind if I go in for it, do you, darling? I won't get it, of course. So then

you can forget all about my going on the stage."

Sonia won the scholarship. Her parents gave in. They have since watched in a dazed sort of way her climb through six years of hard work in provincial repertory to a West End debut in the title role of "Hedda Gabler," and then to the heights.

"Repertory is tough," Sonia told me and smiled. "But I advise any young actress who comes to me for advice that it's the way to learn her job."

Sonia is addicted to Shakespeare, country rambling, and reading history. When a child she nearly ruined her eyesight reading "Romeo and Juliet" by candlelight.

I asked Sonia what medium she preferred—stage, screen, or television.

"The stage is most satisfying," she said, "but they don't care a hoot for your comfort in the theatre. The cold I've got now is due to a backstage draught in a tumbledown cubicle in the West End. I have also been attacked by fleas."

Lots of money

"IN films you act your part in little bits and pieces before the camera, but they really lay out the red carpet for you. You have luscious big dressing-rooms, gorgeous bathroom, and lots of lovely money!"

"I think television is most exciting of all. It's a new medium, difficult and yet fascinating. It calls for a new technique in your job. There are no prompters in the wings, and no retakes if you fluff a line. It really makes you give your best."

Sonia will begin her Australian season of "A Message to Margaret" at the Palace Theatre, Sydney, on December 8.

Her leading man will be John Robinson, who went to Australia to play opposite Elisabeth Bergner in "The Two Mrs. Carrrolls."

"A Message to Margaret" is strong drama. The plot presents an interesting and unusual situation.

There are only four characters in it, two of whom are called Margaret. When the play opens, the husband of one of the Margarets has just been killed.

Before he died, he left a message, intended for his wife, to "tell Margaret that he loved her."

But the second Margaret, the "other woman" of the piece, claims that the message was meant for her.

Sonia Dresdel, who plays Margaret the wife, has a torturing time for three acts trying to discover for whom the message was really meant. So for once you will be able to see her in a sympathetic role, tailored to fit her.

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The friendly outback doesn't envy the city

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

In Wilcannia in the Far West of N.S.W. eight red roads meet, and pioneer ways survive alongside modern progress. Huge semi-trailers throw dust in the face of the lonely drover and his dog. The sound of the electric power station cuts through the quiet of the night.

SLICK new jeeps park under the pepper trees near 70-year-old shops where verandah posts still stand; shearers fly across the Darling River by aeroplane. There are radios in the cafes and homes. At local talent quests white people and aborigines gather from hundreds of miles around to compete with performers among Wilcannia's 900 people.

I met many of them on a recent tour of the Far West.

The town retains a peaceful Huckleberry Finn atmosphere derived from the Darling River, on which the old-time paddle-wheelers once carried wool, and from the gangs of small children, black and white, playing chasings in the back streets.

Wilcannia is robust because it is the centre of a wealthy sheep district. Founded in 1864, it has survived floods, droughts, and depressions.

But in contrast to Wilcannia's steady growth is the gradual decline of White Cliffs, a town about 90 miles away. White Cliffs came into being because of the opal fields that once existed there. Now that the opal is worked out White Cliffs is sparsely populated, and lives on its memories of rich "finds," gougers, crowded pubs, and high adventure.

Most houses in Wilcannia are high-ceilinged fibro structures, screened against the flies. Galvanised iron fences surround all homes, forming barriers against the wind-blown drifts of red sandy soil. When the drifts are deep, careful gardeners shovel the soil on to their vegetable plots.

Everyone in Wilcannia is friendly, from Mayor Arthur De Goumois to Joe Uhl, licensee of one of the town's four hotels.

In the streets, shops, and homes of Wilcannia, I met people like 19-year-old typist Dulcie Sutton, who works in a local store with her friends Denise and Edna Murphy. Dulcie's father, George Sutton, owns a dairy, but years ago ran camel and bullock teams.

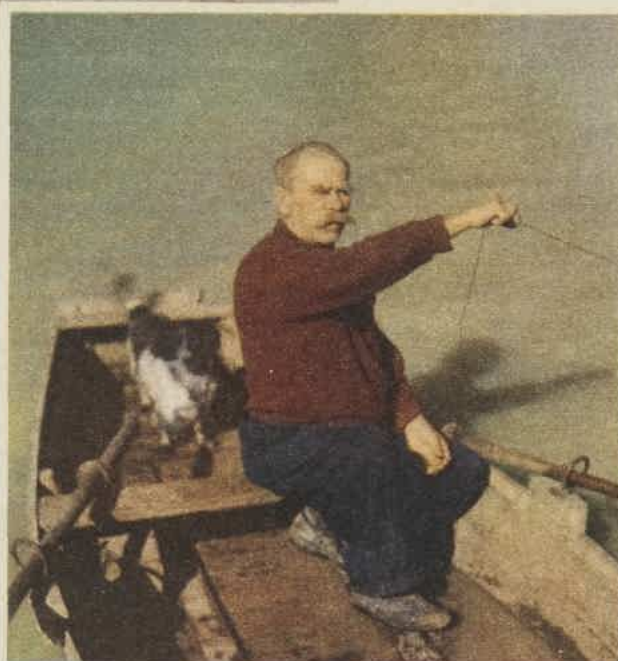
"Sometimes I feel that I'd like to get away from Wilcannia and do nursing in the city," Dulcie told me. "Still, I have a good time here going for chop picnics, swimming in the Darling in summer, and dancing on Friday nights. We like the fox-trot, barn dance, and Alberts up here."



MAIN STREET of White Cliffs is littered with petrol drums. Trucks leave them on way north, refuel from them on homeward journey. Drums are never stolen.



PRETTY SISTERS Pat and Janice Craft (above) stand outside White Cliffs Hotel, run by their parents. Right: Keith Quayle, Archie Coombes outside Post Office.



FISHERMAN Carl Leppert of Wilcannia catches cod and carp in Darling River, using witchetty grub bait, rabbit, or galah. By coincidence, Carl came to Australia as stowaway in ship Wilcannia.





WINDLASS stands idle among deserted shafts sunk by opal gougers years ago. Largest mounds of white earth round shafts are called "The Alps."



KING of Menindee tribe is full-blooded aboriginal Haro Black. Haro makes nulla nullas and boomerangs while wife, Gladie, stirs kangaroo tail stew and daughter Evelyn watches. Haro went to Sydney for Sesqui-Centenary celebrations in 1938 with 40 other aborigines, and carried a spear in a pageant.

Dulcie and her friends keep up with the fashions. Put them in Melbourne or Sydney and they'd look right with their short, shining hair and well-cut dresses.

Police Sergeant Joseph Sewell, his wife, Nan, and four-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Dianne, live near the police station. Over a cup of morning tea I learned that Sergeant Sewell and Constables Austin Bourke and Les Blanche have the largest police patrol in New South Wales. It covers about 15,000 square miles.

Mrs. Sewell was born at Chiswick, England, where Betty Sara, mother of the Bellingen Quads, was born.

"Speaking of babies," said Mrs. Sewell, "my husband is always being called out at all hours of the night to take aboriginal women to the hospital. One of these days he won't drive his truck fast enough."

Recent floods caused extra work for the Wilcannia police when the Darling River covered aboriginal settlements on the eastern side of the river. The sergeant and constables moved the aborigines across to safety.

Authority on early days in the west is Wilcannia's pioneer woman, white-haired, alert Mrs. Honora Ryan, aged 96. Mrs. Ryan was born in County Kerry, Ireland. She was 25 when she went to Wilcannia, which in 1879 was a raw outback town.

Mrs. Ryan told me that she delivered 276 babies, many without the aid of a doctor, in Wilcannia's early days.

Another who remembers the past is drover George Dutton, who wrote the story of his life for me. Here it is:

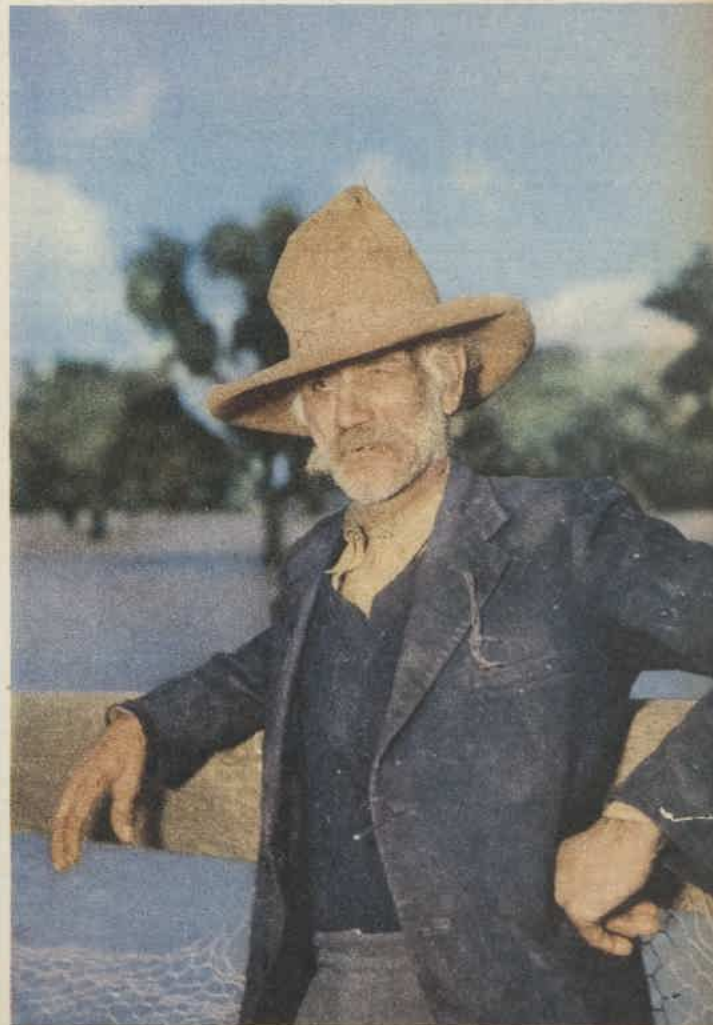
"I was born at Yancannia Station, N.S.W., on December 24, 1888. Last year I started from Nelyambo Station with 3000 sheep on November 23. I crossed the Darling River with the mob and lost only one. Dragged my buggy across the river, the four of us, and 12 head of horses, and landed at Cobar on December 17 safely. Started from Wilcannia to Swan Hill with 600 bullocks, two sons, and another man, and it rained all the way down, and landed safely. Before I took this on I did many a good trip up to Queensland in my young days."

Mrs. Louisa Francis Thomas, who calls herself a "slaughtress," has lived in Wilcannia for 21 years.

Dressed in men's khaki dungarees, rotund, pleasant Mrs. Thomas looks as if she might faint at the sight of blood. But she has run the Wilcannia slaughter yards since her husband died 10 years ago. Her son Leslie, aged 19, helps her with the killing.

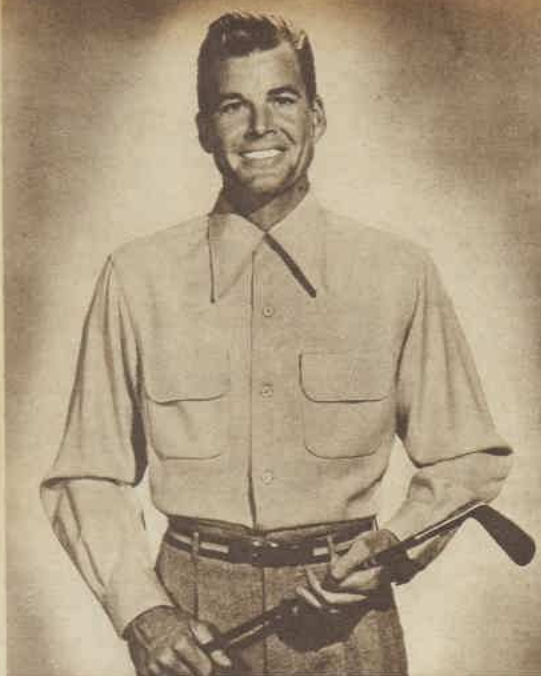
"It doesn't worry me a bit," said Mrs. Thomas. "Les holds the sheep and I cut their throats. Then I strip and dress them. Les shoots the bullocks for me now, but I have done it. I'm never tired of killing, and I still enjoy meat, although poultry is my favorite meal."

"As far as I know, I'm the only slaughtress in Australia."



DUGOUTS in side of hill at White Cliffs (left) once sheltered opal gougers and families from heat. Above, George Dutton, a well-known Wilcannia drover. Pictures by staff photographer Alton Frazer.





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THERE was a curious, new expression in Ben's grey eyes. Abigail's hand was still extended. She wiped her tears with the back of her hand, and said again, "I'm sorry."

Ben grinned—that immense, blinding, genuine contortion of his features.

"You know something?" Ben said. "You're a good Joe, A.J. You're a little mixed up, but you mean well. The worst part of you is, you're a coward. You haven't got the courage of those convictions of yours. You talk big, and you don't really mean it. Trouble seems fun to you, only once you're in it you just want home and mother and safety."

He flashed another smile.

"Now that I understand, I don't blame you a bit. There are absolutely no hard feelings, and I wish you the best of luck, too." He shook her hand warmly. "Give me a jingle whenever you're not busy, Mrs. Castle. We'll have a bite of lunch and talk over old times."

Then he turned quickly and walked away. Abigail watched his departure steadily until he disappeared in the fog. Presently she was roused from a state of tremendous confusion by a touch on her arm.

It was Jack Hall, and he said, "Are you okay, A.J.?"

"Fine," Abigail said. "Simply fine."

"I was watching from inside my hangar," Hall said. "I hope you don't mind. I gather the deal is called off and no hard feelings."

"Exactly," Abigail said. "It's called off, and no hard feelings. He—he smiled at me."

"Good for him!" Hall said, with manifest pleasure. "Can I drive you into town?"

On the way in to Beverly Hills, Hall was inclined to chattiness and good cheer. He declared that he was assured her temporary association with the cowboy would not leave any permanent impression on her and she'd go on to lead a happy, care-free, and successful life in the future.

Abigail sat in complete silence, hardly hearing him.

"What I want to know," Hall said presently, "is what Kallen will do when he hears that you two have split up."

"Don't give it a thought," Abigail said nervously. "Make your mind a blank, Jack."

"Okay," Hall said. "If it worries you, we won't talk about it. But here's a question you can answer: Why did you fall in love with Ben practically at first sight? Surely the guy's reputation and character weren't a mystery to you after ten minutes with him. And what's he got—that that I haven't got, for instance?"

"I don't know," Abigail said.

"There's no denying he does have a funny effect on dames," Hall said. "I've seen it before. They want to take care of him."

"That's it," Abigail said. "I wanted to take care of him. And now I don't."

"Maybe Kallen will take care of him," Hall said, ignoring his promise.

Abigail clutched his gearshift hand, driven by an inner panic. "Jack, you say you like me; I like you. As a friend, will you make me a promise?"

"Sure, if you put it that way," Hall said, and flushed.

"Don't tell a soul what you saw or heard. Will you promise — for me?"

"I promise," Hall said. "For you, A.J."

Abigail withdrew her hand with some difficulty. Looking around wildly, she saw the Fogarty Building.

"Stop!" she commanded. "Right here!"

Legal Bride

Continued from page 5

He parked at the kerb. "Is this your office?"

"Yes," Abigail said.

"Shall I wait for you?" Hall asked.

"I'd rather you wouldn't," Abigail said. "Thanks so much for everything, Jack. Good-bye."

"Hey, I want to see you again, A.J. Where can I get hold of you?"

"I'm in the phone book. Look under Attorneys At Law. So long."

Abigail went quickly into the Fogarty Building and up to the second floor. Her broom-closet office was forlorn and stifling after where she had been and what she had done. The fog was moving inland, and the room darkened as she stood and stared at her notary-public stamp.

Setting down the suitcase, she turned and went across the hall to Mr. Graves' office.

MR.

GRAVES was at his desk; as usual, his face was pale with fatigue and his eyes were red-rimmed behind the rimless spectacles.

His appraising glance was wary.

"Good afternoon, Miss Farnival," he said. "You made a quick trip."

"Good afternoon," Abigail said. "Have you heard from Mr. Castle?"

"No. Did he come back with you?"

Abigail nodded. "You'll be glad to know we settled his business satisfactorily."

"I'm delighted," Mr. Graves replied. "Won't you have a chair?"

"I'll stand, thanks," Abigail said. "That puts me in a better position for throwing something at you."

"Oh."

"Mr. Kallen decided to waive his claim of sixty thousand dollars against Mr. Castle; probably you know why."

"Uh—yes."

"Where did you get the information on my father that prompted you to arrange for this thing?"

"I knew him," Mr. Graves said, "along with everybody else. A couple of former clients of mine happened

to be associated with Mr. Kallen in the past, and I learned from them of certain dealings your father had with Mr. Kallen. Kallen operates way outside the law most of the time. He went too far once — and could easily have done a nice long prison stretch, but your father cooled things off for him."

"I see," Abigail said. "Now Mr. Castle has added a touch that I don't think occurred to you. I am now Mrs. Castle."

"Huh?" Mr. Graves said. "No, that didn't occur to me. It's a bright idea, though."

"Very bright. Unfortunately, it's not permanent. Mr. Kallen spilled the beans, and your brilliant client was forced to explain why he made me his bride. I am now resigning as Mrs. Castle."

"May I ask a question? Why did you become Mrs. Castle in the first place?"

"I can explain that in the simplest of terms," Abigail said. "I fell violently in love with Mr. Castle. Then I fell violently out."

"I see," Mr. Graves said. "Miss Farnival, I must beg your pardon for taking an advantage of you in this matter. I had no other choice, I'm afraid — my client was in a rather serious situation. I'm sure you understand why I was compelled to act as I did, and put the affair down as loyalty to a client."

"Oh, certainly," Mr. Graves exhibited approval. "You are a sensible girl. I'm sure no harm has been done, and unquestionably you will be better off not having the cowboy for a husband. In addition, I feel safe in stating that you have my client's gratitude. That gratitude will certainly express itself in a decent fee and the financing of a divorce."

"A divorce isn't necessary," Abigail told him. "Only an annulment."

Please turn to page 36

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Legal Bride

Continued from page 34

MR. GRAVES rubbed his hands together. "How fortunate—that saves expenses. We can add that to your fee, Miss Farnival."

"No, you can save that, too," Abigail said. "I don't want any fee, and I'll handle the annulment myself."

"No, no. I'm sure my client will insist that you have a reward."

"I don't believe he will, Mr. Graves. You see, Mr. Kallen took our marriage very seriously. He was willing to forgo the gambling debt as long as your client was united to me and kept me perfectly happy, but he intimated that if we broke up, your client was a dead duck."

"Bless my soul!" Mr. Graves said.

"You're so intelligent," Abigail said, "I'm positive you'll think of some way out of that. And now, if you don't mind, I'm going to bust you one with this bronze paper weight."

"By all means, do," Mr. Graves said, and rose. "Wait till I take off my glasses. I don't blame you a bit."

They stared at each other. Abigail expected more tears, but none came.

"I imagine you couldn't possibly reconsider," Mr. Graves said. "I say that because I haven't a single further idea for extricating my client from his predicament. Knowing Mr. Kallen and his associates as I do, I am positive the cowboy will get the works, as the saying is."

"That's good news," Abigail said.

"Is it possible that you could make some sort of platonic and financial arrangement with him, and forgo an immediate separation? As soon as the debt to Mr. Kallen was paid—"

"No," Abigail said.

Mr. Graves examined her soberly.

"No, of course you couldn't," he said. "I'm in my fifties, and I have a tendency to forget that you are a young girl. It's been so long since I have looked at a woman except in the guise of a typist or bookkeeper that I've forgotten what it is to have a broken heart and the world in ruins."

"Please don't be nice about it," Abigail begged. "I'm in no mood for live-and-let-live. I want you to be sure to tell the cowboy that if Kallen doesn't get him, I will."

"I'll do that immediately," Mr. Graves said. "You'd better go have a cup of coffee, Miss Farnival."

He accompanied her to the door, a fatherly arm about her shoulders.

"I always hate to lose a client," he said, "even when he's as much of a nuisance as your husband, but I entirely understand your attitude in the present situation. My sympathies are wholly with you. Take courage in the thought that your troubles will soon be eliminated—and I mean that literally."

"You needn't make jokes!" Abigail said.

Mr. Graves smiled faintly. "Forgive me, Mrs. Castle. Good afternoon."

Abigail returned to the broom closet and sat down hopelessly. She had intended to think things out on straight and logical lines, but her wits were dull and her head heavy and feverish. She laid her head upon her arms on the desk and closed her scratchy eyelids.

For the first time she realised how tired she was from the excitement and the sleepless night. She decided to take a short nap.

She awakened in the twilight with numb arms, aching brow, a wry neck, and a dry mouth. As she stumbled to the water cooler for a drink she glanced at her watch. It was past six o'clock, and she had done nothing towards clearing her jungle of emotions. She mortally dreaded going home and confronting Alice Norman, yet the job had to be done. She called a taxicab company.

Abigail dumped her suitcase on the floor, sat down and lighted a cigarette. Alice put her hands on her hips and narrowed her eyes to slits.

"Your hat's on crooked," she commented. "Your make-up's worn off, you have lipstick on the right sleeve of your jacket, and you look as muddled up as a palm tree. What did you do—rattle some guy for Ben Castle's note?"

Abigail morosely crushed her cigarette in an ashtray. "I'm a wreck, Alice," she said. "Listen while I tell all."

Please turn to page 37

RIVETS



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HALF an hour later an astounded Alice was asking, "What got you—the moonlight or gin?"

Abigail frowned in her puzzle-moment. "People keep asking me that question. It must have been that I fell in love with him."

"But that's over."

"Oh, absolutely!"

"Well, you ought to think of it as a kind of amusing adventure. You should feel great after such a narrow escape."

"I do," Abigail said. "I feel simply great. I—"

"She burst into the worst tears so far—hot, scalding tears."

Alice waited till the storm subsided a little, then asked practically, "Have you had any dinner?"

"I can't remember," Abigail replied. "I think not. However, my appetite is gone beyond recall."

"Mine isn't quite," Alice said. "I was having some tuna salad and a glass of milk when you busted in. Come and see me finish it."

They walked into the dinette, and Abigail sat across from Alice at the little table, her chin in her palms. She watched Alice devour the salad and a slice of butterless reducing bread, which had the texture of a piece of blotting paper.

"Now that I remember," she said, "I haven't eaten since last night. I had a cup of coffee in Las Vegas this morning and that's all, and I forgot to lunch entirely. I believe I'll take the merriest bite in order to keep up my strength."

"That's the old pepper, A.J.," Alice said, and rose. "I'll fix you tea and toast."

"I might have an egg too—for energy."

Afterwards, Abigail retired to the narrow bedroom they shared. She put on a nightgown, turned off the lamp, and crept into one of the twin beds. Sleep did not come to her, although some peculiar thoughts did.

Alice entered the room and began unpacking Abigail's clothes. Abigail sat up and clicked on the night-stand lamp.

"I can't sleep," Abigail said, "I'm a nervous wreck."

Alice groaned. "A.J., how can you be so educated and capable, and so stupid? You know absolutely nothing about yourself. It takes a dumb finger-waver like me to tell you."

"What do you mean?"

"You're in love with the cowboy," Alice said, "and you're going to stay

in love with him no matter what happens."

"My dear girl," Abigail said, "I can assure you you're wrong."

"You don't sound convincing," Alice said. "Are you too proud and dignified to fight for what you want? You're crazy over the guy and you've got a chance to get him because he was nutty enough to marry you. Try to save something out of the wreck."

"I tell you I wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole."

"Then put it this way: He double-crossed you and calmly walked out, and you owe him a little dirt in return. Haven't you got any spirit? Listen—the one means by which a woman can ever really get even with a man is by sticking to him."

"I feel we had better stop this discussion, Aunt Alice," Abigail said.

"How did you become so noble, Bright Eyes?" Alice demanded.

"Why is the cowboy such a villain in your estimation? At least he asked you to marry him. And you took him on without going into the terms, and according to your story, you were sober. For my dough, you're as much to blame as he is."

ABIGAIL said angrily, "In another minute I'm going to climb out of this bed and start pulling your hair!"

Alice said, "You haven't the nerve. The minute somebody gives you a push, you fold up and begin crying. You want to be a successful lawyer and you want a husband, but you aren't willing to take a real risk for either of them. I certainly wish you resembled your old man some. He should have had a son. I guess."

"So help me—" Abigail began.

The telephone rang. Alice rose and stalked out.

Abigail slid weakly down in the bed, with her room-mate's final thrusts ringing in her ears. They sounded familiar. As a matter of fact, that prince of good fellows and bridegrooms, Ben Castle, had expressed practically the same opinion. It was beginning to appear that she gave some people the impression she was no good when the going got rough.

Alice stuck her head in the doorway. She seemed highly pleased.

"Who is it?" Abigail asked faintly.

Legal Bride

Continued from page 36

"The cowboy," Alice said. "Mr. Ben Castle. Your husband."

"I have nothing to say to him," Abigail said confusedly. "Inform him that I am indisposed and unavailable for a statement. Tell him to go fly a kite."

"Look, Mrs. Castle," Alice said, and betrayed visible signs of anger and contempt. "I'm going to walk slowly back to that telephone in my big satin mules. That'll give you time to think it over, and you'd better think fast. If you have more than a teaspoonful of brains, you'll interrupt me before I bid your husband good-night."

She disappeared, and Abigail became rigid. She shot from her bed and raced into the living-room. Alice was holding the phone, her palm over the mouthpiece.

"Hold everything!" Abigail said. "I won't talk to him now, but you tell him that I'll be over to his house right away. As soon as I get out of this nightgown."

"I'll merely tell him you'll be over," Alice said. "The nightgown part might give him the wrong impression, A.J."

In a little while Abigail was ready to go. She had packed the suitcase again; it stood beside a make-up case and a twine-bound cardboard carton packed with oddsends, and four huge lawbooks bound in calf that formed the staple of her recreational reading.

Looking at these, Alice grew a little tearful, as they were loading Abigail's car in the garage.

"My little pal," she said brokenly. "The naive mouthpiece—going out into the cold, cruel world, and no Aunt Alice to help her!"

"Well, you insisted on it," Abigail replied. "And — and I think you're right. It is a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done."

Alice looked worried. "I only hope I'm right."

"I'll keep on paying my half of the rent here," Abigail said, "just in case."

"Rent?" Alice said. "Who cares for the rent at a time like this? It's you I'm shaking in my mules for."

They parted almost unintelligibly, and Abigail drove sadly and slowly to 602 Altamont Road. Parking in the circular driveway, she climbed reluctantly from the car. Her mouth was parched from nervousness. Lights were on inside the house, and Nacio answered her ring instantly. He smiled and bowed low.

"Welcome, Miss Castle," he said. "Mrs. Castle," Abigail corrected. "Thank you, Nacio. There's some baggage in my car."

"Miss Castle," Nacio said, in complete agreement. "Wait in parlor, Miss Castle."

Following a moment of tremulous hesitation Abigail went into the parlor expecting to find Ben. The large room was empty. Fragrant eucalyptus wood was burning in the fireplace to take the chill off the foggy night. She warmed her hands at it, and saw Nacio lugging her baggage upstairs.

"Want to see room?" he asked on his return.

"I certainly do!" Abigail said. She followed Nacio up the stairway with grim thoughts. The cowboy's opening stroke was obviously to be a combination of audacity and insolence; and she didn't need any Aunt Alice to tell her what to do. A brief, austere speech and the necessity of an unimpassioned, distant relationship between them automatically formulated itself in her mind.

Nacio conducted her along the upper hall to the back, and ushered her into a big bedroom. It was empty.

Please turn to page 42

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ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS

Beauty in brief: Smooth leg work

By CAROLYN EARLE, our beauty expert

- Legs, like faces, need special beauty care in summer. Massage rough skin with hand cream, lotion, or baby oil after bathing.

REMEMBER that calloused heels and sandpapery knees respond to the action of a bath-brush and lather. Try a very thin coat of mineral oil as a softening foundation for leg color.

Use one of the simple home methods for removing hair. A depilatory or erasing stone will keep skin smooth, by whisking off fuzz as it appears.

If sun does not tan your legs attractively use leg make-up. Become familiar with the easy, speedy application of the liquids, and the neat, non-spilling cream variety.

Practice makes for perfection in applying leg make-up smoothly and swiftly. Allow at least ten minutes for the job.

Too thin a coat of color is often the reason for streaked surfaces. Start color at the instep and smooth it upwards with

long, even strokes to above the knee, and end with an even line.

With foot and leg completely covered, pat gently all over with dry palms of the hands, and finish off by buffing with a wad of cotton-wool.

Check the back view carefully, especially back of the knees.

Leg make-up is not patchable, so off with the old before putting on a new coat of color if you have respect for personal immaculateness and for bed linens.

Most users know that leg make-up is inclined to be drying and that it is wise to be without it for the eight sleeping hours of the day's twenty-four.

Remove make-up by two scrubbings with soap, warm water, and a brush or heavy cloth, with a particular scrub for the ankle area where color may collect in layers.



per card

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BUTTONS that always match . . . that never clash
. . . are in all the new Summer colors.

HOT IRONS CAN'T HURT THEM. YOU CAN TELL DRY CLEANERS THAT THEY'RE GUARANTEED.



● Pink ostrich plumes are scattered across bouffant skirt of Fontana's aqua tulle ball gown. Shawl and strapless bra-topped bodice are of pink tulle.

Spectacular fashions from Rome parade

ROME'S top designers indulged in their love of spectacular fashion when they created these elaborate ball gowns.

Full-skirted and richly trimmed, the gowns are applauded throughout the world by well-dressed women who like evening clothes spiced with originality and daring.

No gown in Rome this season is without embellishments of either feathers, sequins, jewels, or even oyster shells and cork.

A perfect foil is provided in the simple fabrics used — organdie, tulle, and romaine.



● Schubert puts a pleated tulle cloak over a strapless frock of white silk romaine hand-embroidered in brilliants.



● Schubert's wife models this frock of white organdie with black lace medallions and pink roses on the skirt.



● Signora Antonelli gives final touch to one of her creations — skirt of white organdie with frosty broderie anglaise frills and ruched bodice of geranium-red tulle.

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Only the Adelyn circle skirts
have these brilliant — clever designs.



FROM ALL LEADING FASHION STORES

Rory Hoadley's

● Seated behind the typewriter, left, wear check organza with starched white collar and bow tie, which can be replaced with crisp organdie collar and an organdie flower, right, for a dinner date.



● Floral silk with ribbon-bordered revers is dressed up with a flower from your handbag and made more formal by folding the revers under your pearls.

● Small Chinese coolie hat and black accessories are worn with this vivid cerise sea island cotton, made with fullness to eliminate those tell-tale creases from sitting at an office desk all day long.

Paris Notes

THIS year's fashions offer lots of attractive fabrics and ideas for the business girl who starts her working day on the dot of 9 a.m. and wishes to emerge like a butterfly from a chrysalis after five. She can choose uncrushable dark linens, tartan ginghams in serviceable shades, sea island cottons in vivid colorings, florals, or spotted rayons or silks to wear with flattering accessories. After the cover is slipped on the typewriter she can snap on crisp white collar and cuffs with press-studs. Together with a vivid dustcoat—the 1950 version of the ones our mothers wore—these will add quick magic to the dinner date of the week.

● This square-cut sleeveless frock, left, has a bolero top buttoning on the left shoulder, which can be removed after hours. The frock can then be covered with a bright dustcoat, as shown below.



● Basic trim linen frock, centre, changes character with a reversible bolero and beret in striped or floral cotton or a broderie anglaise fichu and kerchief.

Rosemary Johnston



- ★ ANDRE KOSTELANETZ AND HIS ORCHESTRA
RITUAL FIRE DANCE (Falls)
HUMORESQUE, OP. 101, No. 7 (Dvorak), DX.1408
- ★ THE PHILHARMONIA ORCHESTRA
Conducted by Ernest Irving
THE LOVES OF JOANNA GODDEN
(Vaughan Williams)
(Incidental Music from Ealing Studios
Film) DX.1377
- ★ THE MELACHRINO ORCHESTRA
Conducted by George Melachrino
WARSAW CONCERTO (Addisnelli)
(Solo Pianist: William Hill-Bowen) C.3710
BOLERO (Ravel)
(Abridged Version, Melachrino) C.3723
- ★ BOSTON PROMENADE ORCHESTRA
Conducted by Arthur Fiedler
THE VILLAGE SWALLOWS—WALTZ
(J. Strauss, arr. Sereby) C.3684
- ★ SIDNEY TORCH AND HIS ORCHESTRA
OKLAHOMA—SELECTION (Parts 1 and 2)
(Rodgers and Hammerstein) E.11458

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Nervousness, Rheumatic
Pains, Dizziness, Leg Pains
And Loss Of Pep.**

Thousands of men and women know that they don't have to put up with nagging, bearing down backache, Bladder Weakness, Rheumatic Pains, Nervousness, Headaches, Leg Pains, and Loss of Pep, due to simple Kidney and Bladder troubles without organic or systemic cause. Yes, thousands of people who suffer with troubles like these know that it's no trick at all to feel better

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Legal Bride

Continued from page 37

A BIGAIL investigated the spacious dressing-room, and even pecked behind the glass door of the stall shower and into a couple of closets; but Ben was nowhere about.

"Want me unpack you?" Nacio said.

"No, thanks. I'll take care of my own things," Abigail said. She paused to look for a connecting door, but there was none.

"Sweet dreams, Miss Castle," Nacio said, and started to retire.

"Wait a minute," Abigail called. "Isn't Mr. Castle at home?"

"Went to bed early," Nacio said. "Tired after trip. Said not to be disturbed."

"Ah," Abigail said. "Thank you. Good night." She felt very much alone. The elation and faint hopefulness that had moved her when she decided to come to Ben's home were suddenly gone. Slow anger rose in her, and she headed for the door.

The two bedrooms on the other side of the hall had doors standing ajar and were empty. What was evidently the master suite at the front of the house was closed and showed no crack of light. Abigail rapped smartly.

She heard somebody snort and shift in bed. A lamp switch clicked.

"Who is it?" Ben said.

"Me. Mrs. Ben Castle," Abigail said. "The lawyer."

"Oh," Ben called. "Greetings. Hope you're satisfied with your room. See you in the morning."

"You'll see me now," Abigail said. She twisted the knob and walked inside. Ben pushed himself upright, jamming a pillow behind his back. He smoothed his rumpled hair with spread fingers. His blinking eyes and dazed smile made her all the angrier—for it was quite obvious that he had been sound asleep. She halted at the bedside.

FOR a moment the two glared at each other. Ben broke the silence by stating icily, "I made a point of telling Nacio I was not to be disturbed."

"He didn't forget to tell me," Abigail said.

"I see," said Ben. "This interview doesn't involve your crying, does it?"

"No," Abigail said. "But I don't blame you for asking."

"Thank you," Ben said. He drew in a deep breath, rubbed his bristly chin, and looked at her thoughtfully. "What can I do for you, Mrs. Castle?"

"Why," Abigail said, "you can answer an important question for me, and then we will settle down to a short discussion, the subject of which will be determined by your answer."

"Are you running a give-away programme?" Ben asked. "Do I win a car, a trip to South America, and a set of sterling silver if I give the right answer?"

"My programme has no give-aways, cowboy," Abigail said. "You'll work for what you get. However, you have a selection—sudden death, or complete rehabilitation, and maybe a bride. It's up to you."

He stared. "Would you mind repeating that, dear?"

"I think you heard me all right. Are you ready to become a contestant?"

He shook his head. "Not me. If I give you a straight answer, you'll get sore and run home again. I know you."

"I'm through running—and you can stop needing me. I don't require assistance from here on in."

"Counsellor," Ben said, "you're displaying an odd attitude to-night. I don't know that I like it. But go ahead and play me the mystery tune."

"The question is," Abigail said, "why are you so sure of yourself?"

"How's that again?"
"Don't stall. How did you know I was coming back to you?"
"I didn't," Ben said. "I only supposed you were a businesswoman and could see the advantages of our arrangement."

"You're lying," Abigail interrupted. "You gave yourself away by that funny expression you had on your face at the airport. You knew you were an irresistible cowboy—and that I was in love with you and couldn't stay away."

"A.J., I can scarcely believe my ears," Ben said.

"I am in love with you," Abigail said, "and I couldn't stay away—up until the reception I received here to-night, when I realised the full extent of your arrogance, conceit, and heartlessness."

She paused and drew a deep breath. "Within five minutes," she concluded, "I knew my place—that I was only an uninteresting convenience like a vacuum cleaner or a washing machine, and that I was on no account to infringe upon your private life."

"Let's not get excited," Ben said. "Who's excited?" Abigail demanded.

"I am," Ben said.

"You know I can stay away now," Abigail said. "Look into my eyes and you can tell that."

"Darling, I don't want to look into your eyes," Ben said.

"Now," Abigail said, "we come to the discussion I mentioned. My part won't take long. If I stay with you, my whole effort will be devoted to building up the fragments of your character. My word will be law. My best talents will be employed in trying to make a decent man of you, and you'll have to trust implicitly in my superior judgment."

"When I am convinced you are a finished product, and the debt to Kallen is paid, you can have an unencumbered freedom. During the period I am with you, any revolt or double-dealing on your part will end our association—and probably your life or means of livelihood."

An exclamation formed on Ben's lips—but then he merely looked at her in wordless pain.

"I have recently thought of a solution to my not wanting to have your blood on my hands," Abigail continued. "If I leave you, I shall institute action for a divorce—not an annulment—and tell the complete story of our marriage in a court. The publicity will be two-edged, naturally, putting you in the ash can permanently, and perhaps deterring Mr. Kallen from having you killed. Anyway, if he does decide to murder you, I will have done my best."

There was a long silence. Ben toyed with the coverlet. "Well?" said Abigail.

"You could have told me this in the morning," Ben said.

"What do you say?" Abigail said.

"You'd think with all the advantage I've taken of women," Ben said, "that I wouldn't allow myself to get taken advantage of—wouldn't you?" She didn't answer, and he gazed at her mournfully. "All right, Mrs. Castle. But don't make too big a mamma's boy of me—the other cowboys will laugh at me."

"Good," Abigail said. "The deal is closed. I know you believe you can get on the good side of me and weasel out of this—but you're terribly mistaken. Good-night."

"Don't you want to tuck me in and give me a good-night kiss?" Ben said.

"No," Abigail said. "That might come later, when you're an eagle scout and have all your merit badges. You mustn't count on it, though."

"You're going to hate yourself in the morning," Ben said. "I'm going to hate you too."

To be continued

*A Christmas
Gift
from
CHARMOSAN*



Your Retailer
has Charmosan
Beauty Products
and Charmosan
Gift Caskets

**IDEAL AND JUST
THE THING IN
LOVELY POWDER
AND PERFECT
BEAUTY CREAM**

★
CHARMOSAN

**CHOCOLATE FLAVOURED
VITAMIN
TREATMENT
FOR IRREGULARITY**

Here is the pleasant-to-take treatment that is good for you... good for the kiddies. Yeaston Lax gives you the natural benefits of pure active yeast in concentrated tablet form... a gentle but reliable laxative that also replenishes the system with valuable vitamins B1 and B2.

Ask your Chemist for

YEASTON-LAX



A.M.

**Australia's Leading
Monthly Magazine**

For hours of enjoyable reading—pleats of fiction, fact, sport, and pictures—and it's priced at only one shilling.

On sale at all Newsagents
and Bookstalls.

FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

1/-



Anti-Shrink

by *Grafton*

CANNOT SHRINK • CANNOT STRETCH • CANNOT FADE
EASY TO WASH • EASIER TO DRY • EASIEST TO IRON

Glorious new prints! When you buy
by the yard make sure you see
the words Grafton Anti-Shrink printed
along every yard of the selvedge.



Three foremost fashion houses...
"COMMANDER", "ADELYN" and
"ROSECROFT" give you a
wonderful range of frocks in
Anti-Shrink by Grafton.



*"Mummy always says you're safe when
you use Johnson & Johnson"*

NOW is the time to check over your medicine chest or first aid cabinet to see you've all these essential first aid needs. You will want them to meet the small everyday emergencies that come in every home. Make a list now of what you need when next you're shopping.

WORLD FAMOUS JOHNSON & JOHNSON FIRST AID DRESSINGS



"Z O" ADHESIVE PLASTER—with lasting adhesive quality and freedom from skin irritation—a constant need in every home. ELASTIKON elastic adhesive plaster that covers all places where movement is necessary.

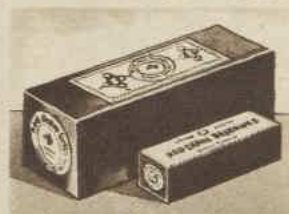
ELASTIKON stretches and stays put. Both available in a full size range.



JOHNSON'S COTTON BALLS in the handy, easy-to-use pack. These round, firm balls of finest cotton wool are uniform in size and so very handy for applying and removing cosmetics. Use Johnson's Cotton Balls for First Aid and with Baby, too. They're economical, convenient and so very practical in 101 household uses.



BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages—now waterproof as well as plain. For cuts and scratches and all minor injuries that require the complete but simple protection of a ready-made bandage, ask for BAND-AID Adhesive Bandages. Waterproof in packets of 12, 24 and 50—Plain in packets of 12.



RED CHAIN COTTON—the safe cotton wool that's sterilized in the carton after packing. Red Chain is highest quality, fully absorbent cotton, available in sizes 2 oz. to 16 oz. RED CHAIN BANDAGES—fine mesh and flexible—best for all first aid. A full size range, each bandage sealed in the box and sterilized after packing.



JOHNSON'S BURN CREAM. This is a soothing, antiseptic ointment for burns, sunburn, chapping, abrasions, insect bites, bluebottle stings, etc. Take Johnson's Burn Cream to the beach, on all out-door excursions and keep a tube in the medicine chest ready for immediate first aid treatment.

The most trusted name in surgical dressings . . . Johnson & Johnson

TEENA



ARIES (March 21 to April 20): Conclude all important matters relating to finance and security before the week-end. November 18 starts an adverse three days, when extra care is advised in all your moves.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): November 15 and 21 are your brightest days this week, especially where your interests are dependent upon others, whether emotionally or financially. However, November 18 and 20 can be difficult days.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Continue to make the most of any recent gains and push important plans on Wednesday. The following few days tend to unexpected delays, disappointments, and retarded progress.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): A week that starts favorably but deteriorates from the week-end. Make the most of all pleasures from November 15 to 17, but be alert for any opposition or mishaps on Saturday and next Monday.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 18, 1950

As I Read the STARS

By WYNNE TURNER

LEO (July 24 to August 23): November 15 starts three bright days to put into practice any ideas regarding home affairs. However, November 18 to 20 are tricky and difficult days, when caution should be used on all occasions.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Bright and happy days mark most of this week, if you use extra care over the week-end. Friends and those in your immediate circle promise interesting episodes.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Your aspects are rather mixed this week. Good on November 15 and 21 and adverse from November 18 to 20. Watch closely any tendency towards extravagance or unwise spending on adverse dates.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Conclude all important plans in your present affairs during the next three days. Conditions from Saturday are subject to irritating and disruptive influences. Watch personal affairs.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Take things quietly this week. Behind-the-scene matters are progressing satisfactorily, although a little discretion would be advisable on November 20. Big changes are approaching.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Your best days this week are November 15 and 21 and your least lucky November 18 to 20. Personal relationships are important, and will need wise direction over the week-end.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Consolidate any present gains, for November 18 to 20 can frustrate many of your personal plans, career, and upward climb generally. Avoid irritability and hasty decisions.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): The days during November 15 to 17 are good to try out new ideas, plan for a holiday, travel, or to expand your intellectual and social life. However, try to rest over the week-end.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.]



the fragrant air of June

... an exquisite orchestration of the many flowers which perfume the warm air of an Old English garden—to which Saville adds a touch of sophistication—very modern, yet as old as Eve!

Saville

JUNE, MISCHIEF and SEVENTH HEAVEN are three famous perfumes by SAVILLE.

CSP-416

BRITAIN'S FINEST BRUSHES—

For glorious healthy hair

Stroke by stroke, the 'deep action' of HYGEX rubber-cushioned hairbrushes imparts new beauty to your hair. In many attractive colors, in nylon, bristle, or wire.

Agents: GEORGE H. S. HOOD, 267A Little Collins St., Melbourne, C.I.

A GOOD BRUSH YOU CAN WELL AFFORD.

Hygex

"Who is she?"

"Isn't she lovely!" That's what men and women so often say about the blonde or brunette who uses new Sta-blond or Brunitex "Make-up" Shampoo. No wonder she catches every eye.

She can be YOU. Sta-blond and Brunitex do even more than make your hair MORE SHINY and RADIANT—they ENRICH its natural colour by several shades. They were the first shampoos to contain Lanol (concentrated Lanolin).

Be a "Who is she?" girl! Try Sta-blond if you're fair or Brunitex if you're dark—see what your friends'll say tomorrow!

NOW AVAILABLE AS LIQUIDS—IF YOU PREFER

VIRGINIA ROBERTS' STÄBLOND & BRUNITEX

for fair hair for dark hair

make you prettier

SR-52



Page 45



P65-"CAREFREE"



P51-"PROMENADER"



P51-"PROMENADER"



P63-"SEAMAID"



P64-"SUNFROLIC"



P45-"FUNSTEP"



P62-"HIGHSTEP"

* As well as the colours illustrated, these shoes are available in all White, except P51. P51 is also available in London Tan and White, and Brown Suede. P62 in London Tan and White. P63 in Black Patent and Tan and White. P64 in Black Patent and Tan. P45 in London Tan and Patent. P65 in Tan, Call and Black Patent. P65 in London Tan Call, Black Patent and Red Patent. All in sizes 3-7.

Keep the Spring in your step this Summer!

There's a lilt in your feet as you step out in the warmth of spring and summer weather in cool, colourful, comfortable Jaunties.... casuals for beach and sports wear.... high heels for more formal afternoon and evening wear.

Jaunties
BY
PADDLE

Mandrake the Magician

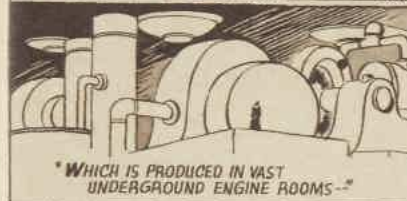


MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and lovely **PRINCESS NARDA:** Meet the **KING OF MARVEL:** When they arrive on top of Crystal Peak, after a journey through invisible obstacles. After special glasses

are placed on their noses, they find themselves in an amphitheatre in an ancient city. Led into a huge hall they see the king on his throne. He tells them they are the first strangers to arrive for a thousand years. **NOW READ ON:**



"OUR ENTIRE CITY AND EVERYTHING IN IT IS MADE INVISIBLE BY LIGHT--OF A KIND UNKNOWN TO YOU--"



"WHICH IS PRODUCED IN VAST UNDERGROUND ENGINE ROOMS--"

"BUT HOW--?" BEGINS MANDRAKE--THE KING LAUGHS. "IN YOUR COUNTRY, COULD YOU EXPLAIN TELEVISION TO A CHILD? IT'S MORE DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN TO YOU WHAT HAS TAKEN US TEN CENTURIES TO PERFECT."



"IF YOU WEAR THE GLASSES WE GAVE YOU, YOU CAN SEE IN THIS LIGHT, WITHOUT THEM, YOU CANNOT."



"WALK THROUGH OUR CITY," SAYS THE KING OF MARVEL. "MY VOICE WILL FOLLOW YOU. WE'VE LEARNED HOW TO PROJECT OUR VOICES WITHOUT SUCH PRIMITIVE AIDS AS MICROPHONES AND RADIOS."



THEY WALK INTO THE GARDEN. THE KING'S RICH VOICE FOLLOWS IN THE SAME CONVERSATIONAL TONE! "NOTICE THAT SCREEN ON THE WALL--SOMETHING LIKE YOUR TELEVISION..."



THEY SEE A FAR-OFF BASEBALL GAME--HEAR THE ROAR OF THE CROWD.



THE SCENE CHANGES--TO A FAR-OFF ROOM WHERE FAMOUS DIPLOMATS ARE SIGNING A SECRET AGREEMENT.



"YOU CAN SEE AND HEAR ANYTHING, AT ANY TIME!" CRIES MANDRAKE. "NOTHING THAT GOES ON ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD IS HIDDEN FROM US," REPLIES THE KING'S VOICE.



"HERE, OUR FOOD IS MADE DIRECTLY FROM SUNLIGHT, THE BASIC ENERGY OF THE EARTH," CONTINUES THE KING. "TRY ONE." THEY STARE UNCERTAINLY AT THE GLITTERING MACHINE. "I'M HUNGRY," SAYS NARDA.



TO BE CONTINUED



SEE THE VIEW...



WITHOUT THE GLARE



"Polaroid" "38" Sunshield in attractive colours.



"Polaroid" "32A" Day Glass--men's and Sunshield.

***POLAROID DAY GLASSES & SUNSHIELDS**

Sold by Opticians, Chemists, Sports Stores, and the Automotive Trade. Australian Agents: A. J. Dawson Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

*Registered trademark of Polaroid Corporation, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A. Patented in Australia and other countries.

OSP. 19.18

ALWAYS MAKE THIS TEST



Don't let your hands say "Housework"



USE **Softasilk** AFTER EVERY HOUSEHOLD JOB

Hands busy with housework need the gentle care of Softasilk. Use it always after housework, and your hands will be loved not alone for their usefulness, but for their romantic loveliness. Softasilk is an excellent powder base and is so soothing to the skin after sunbathing.

SOFTASILK Hand Beauty Cream

MEDIUM, 1/6
LARGE, 2/4
GIANT ECONOMY, 3/6

KEEP A TUBE IN YOUR BEDROOM IN YOUR BATHROOM IN YOUR KITCHEN

IT'S HANDIER IN A TUBE

57/180



She need only to know it's a . . .

Cyclax

GIFT

*Vivid Scenes of world-famous Beaches
exclusive to Cyclax . . .
highlight the new*

CYCLAX BEACH BAG

Luxurious and practical . . . white leather and printed Shantung . . . pastel lined, waterproofed, gold-plated buckle and eyelets . . . a veritable beach-fan's delight! A faithful replica, in miniature, attached inside by plastic cord, holds your Cyclax beach make-up, mirror and comb. Plenty of room for your Swim Suit and beach towel . . . a bag as dashing as it is practical.

"GAY MORNING"

The fragrance she loves . . . and knows . . . the fragrance which expresses flower-freshness and femininity as no other fragrance does . . . "Gay Morning" in Skin Perfume and Dusting Powder . . . packaged with the delicacy and charm she always associates with Cyclax.

DUET SET

If she's a perfectionist, she'll cherish this practical and elegant trifle—Gift de Luxe Lipstick and Compact Rouge cushioned in rich Ivory Satin in a distinctive Royal Purple presentation box.

"TRANSPARENTLY YOURS"

Visualise a colourful group of Cyclax Beauty Preparations and a Swansdown Puff shining through a clear, beribboned casket . . . that's "Transparently Yours." The casket illustrated contains Lipstick, Rouge, Face Powder, Skin Soap, Milk of Roses . . . and a beautiful Swansdown Puff — but you may select a collection of Cyclax Preparations just for her . . . and have them packaged in "Transparently Yours."

"HEART OF A ROSE"

Dazzle her with a gift of true magnificence . . . rare French Perfume nestling in the heart of a red, red rose . . . mounted on velvety Suedette and shielded with sheer cellular. "Sombre Music" for the sophisticate, "Whispering," a youthful bouquet.

OVER-SHOULDER BEAUTY CASE

A light-weight leather traveller made with the impeccable details she demands . . . in nine mellow colours—including fashionable Tau and Grey. Each handsome case has contrasting silk lining protected with washable plastic . . . and contains essential Cyclax Home Treatment and Make-up Preparations.



Displayed and featured only at . . .

EXCLUSIVE STORES AND LEADING CHEMISTS THROUGHOUT THE COMMONWEALTH



JANE RUSSELL

SULTRY-LOOKING Jane Russell is one of the few stars in Hollywood who remain totally indifferent to screen success and fortune. Sincere, simple in outlook, and modest, Jane has an off-screen personality far removed from her celluloid character. Husband Bob Waterfield is a profes-

sional football player, and their favorite form of entertaining is a barbecue at home with schoolboy friends. Jane's next starring assignment is with Robert Mitchum in "His Kind of Woman," and "Macao," both for R.K.O., with the possibility of further film assignments as a romantic team.

Here's a
delicious
assortment of
12 fine-quality
chocolates . . .



"Snack"



The only
chocolate block with
these 4 luscious centres.

1. "STRAWBERRY CREAM"
A delicious taste-sensation of
freshly-picked strawberries.

3. "FRUIT SUNDAE"
An exciting blend of choice,
fresh-fruit flavours.

2. "CREAM CARAMEL"
A rich, creamy caramel-flavour
which lingers on your tongue.

4. "TURKISH DELIGHT"
A joy to every taste. Rich and
exotic.

Made by *MacRobertson*

The Great Name in Confectionery

302



For you...
Forever

A gift for a lifetime,
the Hawkins "Universal"
Electric Iron is
American designed,
and British built for
Australian households.



Hawkins "UNIVERSAL" IRON

Look at these features:— Lighter Weight; Automatic Heat
Control; Fully Streamlined; World Renowned.

Obtainable at all Leading Stores throughout Australia



1 **WORRIED** by strange behaviour of architect
Jeff Cohalan (Robert Young), who believes
he is dogged by bad luck following an accident,
Ellen Foster (Betsy Drake) resolves to help him.



2 **CONFIDING** in Aunt Amelia (Florence
Bates), Ellen learns Jeff had been suspected
of drunken driving when fiancée Vivian Shep-
pard was killed in car smash on wedding eve.



3 **EMPLOYER** Ben Sheppard (Henry O'Neill), Vivian's
father, has suave Keith Ferris (John Sutton) on staff.
Ellen suspects Ferris, who is a man with powerful appeal
for the ladies, of being jealous of Jeff. Jeff ridicules idea.



4 **ALLIANCE** to discover hidden
enemy is formed when Ellen later
convinces him bad luck is not chance.
Jeff stages faked suicide attempt.

SUSPENSE MELODRAMA



Ellen

THERE are mystery and suspense as
well as some grim aspects in this
story about a rising architect who con-
sidered himself a victim of bad luck be-
cause of a series of misfortunes.

None of the unfortunate events ap-
pears related yet all fall into a pattern
of disaster dating from a tragic car
accident.

Believing it virtually impossible for
any one person to become involved in
such a series of events solely through
chance, and that some human guiding
influence is at work, Ellen takes the
lead in unravelling the puzzle.

A Harry M. Popkin production re-
leased through United Artists.



6 **DISCUSSING** events,
Jeff and Ellen find that
a certain painting figured
prominently in one accident.

5 **INVESTIGATION** confirms
to pair that hidden killer is
trying to murder Jeff and
make it look like suicide.



7 **VIOLENT** when confronted with evidence that
the painting was purchased by him, Sheppard
admits guilt in trying to avenge daughter's death.
He holds Jeff responsible for the car tragedy.



8 **BREAKDOWN** comes when Ellen proves
that Ferris was driving Vivian's car at
time of accident and that pair were running
away, a fact hidden by Jeff to spare parent.



makes baby's hair grow
curly—at all Chemists
and Stores—3/8. c.

DESTROYS FACIAL
HAIRS

VANIX Permanently

Vanix penetrates deep into hair
tissues and permanently kills the
roots of unsightly hair. It is applied
by a simple, painless method which
does not injure the skin.

"VANIX" is priced at 5/11 a bottle
(posted 6/6d) from Hallan's Pty.
Ltd., 312 George St., Sydney, and
all branches; Myer Emporium, Mel-
bourne and Adelaide; Swift's Phar-
macy, 372 Little Collins St., Mel-
bourne; and Birks Chemists Ltd.,
57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide.

For informative folder, mention this
paper and write to "VANIX," Box
38A, G.P.O., Melbourne.



Spode

Every piece an heirloom
W. T. COPELAND & SONS LTD
SPODE WORKS
STOCK-ON-TRENT

Trade inquiries to Australian Representative
F. R. Barlow & Sons Pty. Ltd
Commerce House
128 Flinders Street
Melbourne, C.I.



“THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING
IS IN THE EATING”

TOM PIPER *Rich* **PLUM PUDDING**

T O M P I P E R - T H E N A M E O F G O O D N E S S

Findings Keepings

Continued from page 7

PETER liked this idea. He saw her into the nearby telephone box, inserted the coins, and left her with a repeated assurance that two minutes would see him back there.

In actual fact he took six minutes. He zoomed down the stairs at break-neck speed and waited outside the box with an attractive air of expectancy. His hair was much smoother. Susan acknowledged his presence and signalled she wouldn't be long. Then she came out. "It's engaged all the time," she said. "I'd better just go along."

"Oh, pity!" he responded. "I was hoping we could fit in one small drink if you got through to explain. I'd like to make you some return. To show my gratitude, you know."

Susan reluctantly said she supposed she ought to go straight there really, as she was a little late. He agreed, also reluctantly, that he supposed she ought.

"It was a nightmare," he went on. "I don't know what we'd have done without those blocks. Half an hour more and it would have been too late to think of anything, anyway. It'll be interesting to hear what that messenger boy has by way of an explanation to-morrow, poor little devil. Still, all's well that ends well."

He reduced the speed of the car and indicated a small, neat restaurant called "Sing Song" waved to someone inside, and glanced at her again. "That's where I always feed," he explained, assuming again she would be interested—which she was. She inspected the facade and environment of the "Sing Song" thoroughly as they cruised by, and thought she would be able to find it again. "It looks nice," she said wistfully.

"I'd like to have taken you there," he replied. "Good food."

She asked him what the advertisement blocks in the parcel were for, and listened to the short explanation and the long story deriving from it of his ambition to run his own advertising agency.

"But you don't want to hear all this," he suddenly ceased, looking a little surprised at his own confidences. "Tell me what you do. A model, I should guess?" He glanced at her attire, taking in though not recognising the unmistakable Francis hallmark.

"Oh, why should you think that?" she prompted him.

"Beautiful clothes," he responded dutifully. "Perfect toilette! The hat."

"Don't you like it?"

He gave it a further inspection. "It's definitely got something," he admitted, showing little desire to go into further details. Then, as her face fell perceptibly, "It's the kind of hat to park on top and then wear a suitable expression beneath."

They laughed and he eyed her more appreciatively. She felt an irresistible urge to pull it from her head and let the wind blow through her hair. If it had not taken so long to attach with hatpin and innumerable hair grips she might have done so, whatever Francis' reaction at his front door.

"No, seriously," amended Peter Manning. "It's quite a hat and you do look like a model."

"I'm not really," she said. "I work at Francis'. I'm a secretary there. You know, in Brook Street?"

"Yes," he agreed without noticeable enthusiasm, "an elegant looking man, very smartly turned out, tall."

Peter swerved the car in before the block of luxury flats. "I'm sorry I've made you so late," he said.

"It doesn't really matter," Susan found herself saying, to her own amazement. "I mean, it is something I could do another time if I am too late. I mean, don't worry on my account. I could go another time."

He looked thoughtful then. "I won't try to persuade you," he decided magnanimously, vaulting over his side to let her out the other. She wished that he would try to

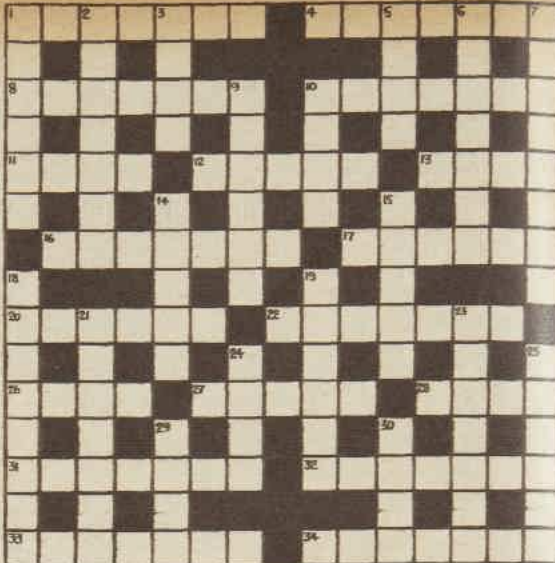
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Kind of dyeing powder the first part of it you chew when you reflect and with the second half you speculate for a fall (7).
- Our grandmothers made this embroidery but you can still find ample inside (7).
- You can find this soldier in a ripe val (7).
- Conversing with a sovereign of more than average height less fifty (7).
- Crimson pigment or a large body of water (4).
- 5/- (9).
- Dice game that can be loud (4).
- Softly felt indignation of this gift (7).
- Arrived the sun and in the judge's private room (6).
- Begs when one hundred talks in delirium (8).
- Surrender about contract of land or tenement (7).
- Stronghold in favor of a tea (8).
- Even most ancient mother in fifties (9).
- Fifty particles of moving matter carrying electricity rush to make up the king of beasts (4).
- In French five written acknowledgements of debt is full of covetousness (7).
- Seller obtains such aims (7).
- Ant lies can be most noticeable (7).
- Mate and a pole was one of the twelve in Charlemagne's court (7).

Solution to last week's crossword

MANHATTAN STREET
RENDERS POSTAGE
ITEM METAL USER
GUNNERY ORIDES
SLATE REVERSE
LADY ABHOR MAST
OILS SIPLESL
VARMINT EPISTLE
EODARRRES
ANCESTRALACRES



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Drinking vessel look back a ceiling or dome (6).
- A medical man with writing implement turn about a tippler (7).
- This cheese is made in reverse (4).
- Curse without dictum yet human (4).
- Perhaps the necklet of frangipanni tells a confused lie, but it sure makes spare time (7).
- Territorial you find in galore (8).
- Bin and commission (6).
- Have tea and possess a city (4).
- A saint about turned flower (6).
- Part of a window and fifty make a list of Jary (5).
- Mockers take a box in steamship (8).
- Return to former state concerning heraldic tincture of green (8).
- New-born child which is mainly a competitor (7).
- Matches reversed end a salary of a person (7).
- The French steamship is not so much (4).
- A short university and a male descendant is coinciding in pitch (6).
- The contrary of 24 down (4).
- By way of mouth or the French turned (4).

perwade her. She suddenly wanted the decision to be out of her hands. She wished that she were too late and wouldn't have to do it another time, and that Peter Manning would stay and worry a lot on her account.

But he was holding out his hand and thanking her a lot again.

"I do hope you get your own agency," she wished him, personally interested and full of disappointment that she had no right to be.

As she walked along the corridor

she wondered what effect it would have had if she had accepted Peter Manning's offer of grateful drink and thank-you food.

A strange yet familiar sensation assailed her and her footsteps slowed to a standstill. She had always been nervous of Francis. The moment he came into the office her expert little fingers faltered and struck foolish letters on the typewriter.

When he dictated in that elegant

voice of his (yes, elegant was the word for Francis) her record-breaking shorthand faltered, and when he condescended to look at her with those quarter-closed yet alert eyes, her shortcomings grew alarmingly reflected in all the salon mirrors.

Then he started to take the personal interest, to guide her unsophisticated footsteps,

Please turn to page 55

Full Perm half-head or end curls only

YOU GET A BETTER, MORE NATURAL-LOOKING WAVE

with RICHARD HUDNUT Home Permanent

IT'S THE WAVING LOTION THAT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE

Just how fast your Home Permanent takes, the kind of wave you get, and the condition of your hair after waving depend on the waving lotion you use. Tests in a leading independent research laboratory reveal that hair is measurably (22%) stronger and stronger after waving with Richard Hudnut Creme Waving Lotion than after waving with other widely used Home Permanent waving lotions.

It's the extra penetration plus the gentler conditioning action of the Richard Hudnut Creme Waving Lotion that gives your hair the kind of wave you wish you were born with ... more natural-looking, stronger, springier, with greater natural sheen.

At Chemist and selected Department Stores.

Richard Hudnut
HOME PERM KIT

WITH THE PROVED, 22% MORE EFFECTIVE WAVING LOTION

REFILLS: Richard Hudnut Refills contain exactly the same Creme Waving Lotion as in the full kit. If you already own a kit you can have a set of plastic refills you can use the full kit and get a 22% more effective wave.



The Gables are happily married

From LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

Living quietly and unobtrusively since their surprise wedding almost a year ago, film star Clark Gable and his elegant English wife, Sylvia, have been a favorite subject of Hollywood speculation ever since.

IS the marriage working? Just how good a match have these two mature people made? After all, this is marriage number four for both Gable and his Sylvia, and, although there will be those who believe it is strictly their business, 20 years as a popular figure in the entertainment world entails certain responsibilities as well as advantages.

No dossier on the situation is available, but the confidential consensus of opinion is that the marriage is doing all right.

Clark Gable gives every appearance of being a happy man. It

shows in his quiet relaxed manner and in his eagerness to please "Syl," as he calls his wife. She calls him "Pop," which is the name his wartime associates gave him.

Unlike lots of other movie wives, Sylvia Gable is determined to accompany her husband wherever he goes. The test of her staying power came recently during a seven weeks' location trip in the Colorado wilderness during the shooting of the film "Across the Wide Missouri."

The story is told that Clark carried Sylvia across the threshold of a mountain cabin after he had driven her from Gallup, where she arrived by train.

The one tiny room had small windows on all four sides, a few sticks of furniture, and a primitive bathroom partitioned off in one corner.

Lady Sylvia, formerly of Belgravia and Claridge's, never batted an eyelash. "This is wonderful," she is reported to have said, "but needs some organising, I suppose."

A trip into town next morning produced cotton remnants for curtains, rugs for the floor, drapes for the hole in the wall that was the family wardrobe.

Gradually the place assumed qualities that made it look like a cosy place to the tired man returning from work in the hills each day.

Not long ago I had the opportunity to ask her what she thought of those seven weeks in Colorado.

She replied simply: "I never knew that you could get up at 5.30 a.m. to make coffee for your husband and send him off to work, spend a day alone in a wood without a soul around, and feel utterly happy."

The story of Sylvia's marriages



LOOKING brown and rugged, Clark Gable talks to his wife during a break in filming "Across the Wide Missouri," made on rugged Colorado location. Sylvia likes to visit her husband on the set, keeps busy with her needlework, and out of the crew's way.

CLARK and Sylvia Gable look happy standing in doorway of their home. The devoted pair have caused surprise by their apparent intention to settle down in the old house, which is a simple rambling affair by Hollywood standards of architecture.

addition of one room which will serve as a studio for Sylvia Gable, who is a talented artist.

The former Lady Stanley is watch-over the Gable budget, too, to keep it within limits.

She owns one mink coat and he owns a Jaguar sports car. They entertain no ambitious plans for giving or attending parties.

Sylvia has been largely responsible for Clark's decision to make two or three pictures on his own, thus exercising the option contained in his contract. The first is titled "Lone Star."

The films will be made in partnership with Z. Wayne Griffin, a young producer and writer, and released through M.G.M.

This is the first business venture of the kind Gable has ever tackled, and he is the first person to admit that Sylvia is behind the idea.

always overshadowed her life. The pretty, blonde daughter of Arthur Hawks, a London pubkeeper, she grew up to dance in the Wintergarden chorus, to marry young Lord Ashley, to divorce him to marry Douglas Fairbanks, and upon his death to retire as his widow. Five years later she became Lady Stanley. The Stanleys parted in 1948.

She seems to have lost all interest

in the life she previously enjoyed as a member of the cafe society set.

Soon after Sylvia Gable moved into their Encino home the word went round that Gable was going to revamp and enlarge the place.

It would never do for the luxury-loving new Mrs. Gable, people said.

But the Gables have made no substantial changes in the Encino house. The only improvement is the



IN COLORADO everyone worked six days a week, but Clark and Sylvia Gable spent Sundays together riding the range. Here husband and wife return from a Sunday exploration trip.



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Findings Keepings

Continued from page 52

PERHAPS it was that Francis never seemed quite real to her, but like a character in a sophisticated, scintillating comedy.

So the sensation assailing her was recognisable as the old, in-front-of-Francis nervousness. But the strange part of this familiar sensation. What was that?

She paced backwards and forwards now, indecisively. "How would I like a person to react coming to visit me, if they were late?" she asked herself. The answer was not altogether satisfactory to her mixed emotions. She stood in front of Francis' flat.

The hand that should be ringing the bell was heavy by her side.

Suddenly, with shattering clarity, she realised the unfamiliar part of the sensation was that, quite simply, she did not want to ring Francis' bell, did not want to enter the flat, did not want to enjoy Francis' dinner a deux, or cope with whatever Francis deigned her worthy of afterwards.

She knew the decisive moment of her life had come. "How would I like . . ." she began breathing to herself. Then she turned decisively and ran down the stairs.

One of the polite Chinese opened the door as she approached, another bowed before her, and a third led her upstairs when she breathlessly asked if a Mr. Manning were there? She hesitated as the third Chinese bowed and retreated backwards a few steps. She felt as if she had been parted from Mr. Manning of "The Daily Gleaner" advertising for ages, years, for twenty-two and a half years. But it couldn't have been long, because he had only reached menu scrutiny.

She hesitated, watching that nicely touselled head bent pensively over the menu.

He looked up, smiled in joyful, surprised recognition, leapt to his feet, and advanced to lead her to the table. The third Chinese, smiling a secret small smile, retreated backwards and vanished.

Susan gazed up at Peter Manning, trying to word an explanation. He looked wise and reliable and exciting as well—a perfect combination for a man from her point of view. All strangeness and hesitance left her.

"This is grand," he kept on repeating. "How nice of you to come on here."

"They weren't in," she explained. "I was rather too late and it was a bit of a vague invitation. You know, expect-you-when-I-see-you-if-you-can-make-it kind." She was over-explaining. Luckily, men never see through this kind of thing, she thought, grateful for masculine lack of subtlety.

"And you didn't make it," he said cheerfully. "All my fault, too. I hope you don't mind too much. But you say you can go another time. I

must say I'm glad they were out." His grin personified charm. "Lucky for me. Now this is what I generally have. Chicken chop suey. It's very good. I always think I'll branch out and have one of these intriguing things in Chinese writing, then I fall back on the old stand-by."

Susan expressed herself satisfied to be guided entirely by him, but wished to comb her hair first if he wouldn't mind waiting.

"Yes, do," he said, standing up again, then adding, "but I must say it looks nice as it is—and the hat." He grinned again. She found she waited longingly for that grin. It radiated happiness towards her and strengthened her opinion that her decision to come had been the right one.

The telephone was fortunately secluded. She dialled Francis' number and felt the old nervousness gathering. His voice soon answered this time, the accent very much on the last syllable of the "Hallo." She hurried through her explanation, flinging the story of the parcel gallantly into the void of his oppressive silence.

BREATHLESSLY she asked, "Are you there, Francis?" but he just laughed, and it sounded like the time when he had been so amused because she had worn the New Look with her old hair style.

"Really, Susan, darling," he drawled, the bored overtone very apparent. "Why not be honest and say you're scared? Run home, my dear, make yourself a nice cup of cocoa, and . . ."

Susan thought of Peter Manning, whose cheerful presence even set inscrutable Chinese smiling; thought of him perusing the menu, leaping up the stairs, vaulting over the seat of the car, smoothing his hair and ruffling it up the next moment. He would never make a remark like that. He would never sound corny like that.

That was the word for Francis as well as elegant. Corny. Elegantly corny. With a new and strictly non-Francis sense of sophistication and security she was about to tell him so, then remembered in time that he was still her employer, and it was a good job.

"I am sorry, though. I do hope I haven't put you out," she said as a weak substitute.

He laughed again. "Not in the least, my dear," he soothed her. "It would have been more considerate if you had telephoned earlier, but never mind. It's too late to do anything about it now."

With a mixture of relief and deflation she put the receiver down. In the cloakroom she powdered her nose and ran a comb upwards through her hair after unpinning the hat. The open car, then the

running had blown it out, and now it looked more like a Bubbles cut; the neat, sculptured effect was destroyed. She even felt inclined to let her hair grow long again. She fluffed it out still more.

It was worth the destruction. Peter Manning leapt to his feet. "That looks nice," he said impulsively.

He was right. The restaurant provided good food. He supplied good conversation. She supplied good listening. Everyone was pleased.

"I'm so glad you came over," he said as the waiter presented the bill unobtrusively. "As a matter of fact, I didn't hurry off because I half wondered, and hoped, I must admit, that you would be disappointed and come out at once. Then I thought it would look—well—nosey to be hanging about when you had a prior engagement, and you might never forgive me then. After all, I'm the one who has mucked up your evening!"

"I wish you had," she said. "Nothing to forgive. You haven't. I like this evening."

He seemed to understand this irrelevantly collected information. He took her small pointed elbow in the palm of his hand and guided her out and towards the car.

He paused before switching the ignition key.

"Susan," he said slowly in his nicer-than-nice voice, which was real and not a scrap like a stage character's.

She turned and looked. Peter Manning's profile, etched against the glow of the restaurant, was strong, cheerful, and nice as everything else about him. He turned to look at her, too, and put out a hand to smooth the billowing mass of her hair this time.

A great peace stole over Susan.

"Yes?" she responded. "All further parcels will be left here," he said, "if, of course, such careless ways could possibly interest you?"

It was a wonderful paradox, thought Susan, to combine such ineffable peace with such delicious excitement. She sought for words. She sighed. "It's extraordinary," she said. "At one moment, do you know, I hated that parcel."

"You did?" He raised the fly-away eyebrows. "And now?"

"Now I love it," she sighed blissfully.

Unlike Francis, Peter Manning did not consider it too late to do anything about their evening.

As her voiced trailed blissfully off at the end of her last remark she knew it was going to be the easiest thing in the world to transfer that verb from parcel to the evening, to their supper together, to the drive home, and to the shape of things to come.

Peter made it easier still.

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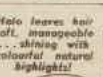
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Here's a recipe for a lonesome lunch that's something to look forward to. Golden, crusty bread, fresh butter and Peck's Salmon and Anchovy. This is a new Peck's Paste, a new taste-treat. It's similar to Anchovette, milder and spicier in flavour. Wonderful for savouries, too, and you can use it for the high-spot of flavour in any dish where you would use Anchovette. Try Salmon and Anchovy. It's different, and delicious.



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that the real art of cooking is the skilful combination of flavours. And if it's flavour you're after—Peck's has it. Every one of the delicious varieties of Peck's Paste is a full-flavoured treat to add brilliance to the menu. Peck's "Anchovette" has been famous for almost half a century—and the other varieties are just as good. Ask your grocer for the new small 1½ oz. size now.



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One quantity of your favourite Scone Mixture, one jar Peck's Bloater Paste, Butter. Make the scone mixture in the usual way. Roll ½-inch in thickness and cut into 1½-inch rounds. Have in readiness plenty of hot fat in a deep frying pan and fry each scone until a golden brown. Drain on white paper. Slit the scone and spread with butter and PECK'S Bloater Paste. Serve on thick slices of grilled or fried tomato, garnish with lemon and parsley.

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The UNKNOWN DISCIPLE

PART
TWO

By
FRANCESCO
PERRI

MARCUS ADONIAS, handsome young son of Roman Commandant VALERIUS GRATUS and MICOL, his former Jewish favorite, comes to live with his elderly relative, VALERIUS MESSALA, following the death of his father.

Marcus and VARILIA, Messala's youthful wife, fall deeply in love, and Messala, learning of this, determines to ruin Marcus by making him fall foul of his patron, the dissolute EMPEROR TIBERIUS.

The time seems opportune for this, as Tiberius is about to pay one of his rare visits to Rome. But at the last minute, enraged and terrified when a soothsayer prophesies his downfall, Tiberius refuses to enter Rome, and violent rioting breaks out among the crowds gathered to see him.

Separated from Messala, Marcus is caught up among the rioters. He extricates himself, then sees that two men are pursuing him. Now read on:

AS Marcus turned to flee again, the men, running rapidly, hailed him, and in thankfulness he recognised them. They were his own personal slaves, Simon, a Hebrew, and Lupus, a German.

Adonias was much surprised to see the two men. "How comes it," he inquired, "that you two are here in Ostia?"

"Sir, the Lady Varilia sent us. She was so uneasy about you. She sent us to protect you and to bring her back news of you," Simon said. "We must get away from here, towards the river! The people are mad, and would kill us!"

They hurried on. The crowds were now swarming over the gardens on the outskirts of the port, and the noise of their uproar reached them like the murmur of an approaching tempest.

They climbed over the wall of Sulla's enclosure and crossed some more vegetable and flower gardens. At last, more than a mile from Ostia, they reached the bank of the great stream.

It was a deserted spot, but after some scouting Simon found a boatman to ferry them across.

Meanwhile, in the mansion on Mount Caelius, Varilia, in an agony of suspense, was awaiting news from Ostia. A few minutes after Valerius had left, she had learned from a faithful slave that he knew of her love for Adonias, and had taken the boy with him to Ostia to carry out a planned vengeance.

Not very long afterwards, news of the first rioting had filtered in from the streets, and subsequent reports had been increasingly alarming. There were tales of arson, terrible violence, scores of dead.

Varilia's imagination conjured up all kinds of complicated possibilities. The boy was dead, imprisoned, thrown into the sea. Meanwhile there was no sign of the Senators who had gone to Ostia.

It was near the ninth hour, when Varilia, prostrate before an image of Dionysus, was praying fervently, that Marcus Adonias suddenly burst into the room. The young man was pale, but smiling. With a cry of

joy she flung herself into his arms, unable to restrain her tears.

"Adonias, my darling! So you have come back!" and she rained upon him impetuous kisses, which he returned only too readily.

After this the young man gave her a rather confused account of what had occurred, so far as he had been able to gather the facts; the arrival of the Hebrew slave, his secret questioning by Tiberius on the terrace, the awful shriek echoing through the trees, and the macabre sight of the miserable, broken corpse lying on the concrete.

He knelt at Varilia's feet on a great bearskin rug, filled with ecstasy as he talked.

They were all alone in the boudoir of the domina. From the adjoining sacrum, or little private chapel, drifted a sweet perfume of sandal and incense. How adorable she was, he thought.

She was wearing a Tyrian tunic of pale blue silk, with a great brooch of rubies at the shoulder and a belt of tiny golden links. Hands, arms, and neck were bare of jewels. Only her hair, dressed in the fashion introduced by the virtuous Octavia, sister of Augustus, was bound with a little coronet of golden cicadas, worn by the Grecian ladies who had been initiated into the mysteries of Eleusis.

"Dearest," he said, "this next month of March I shall come of age. I shall then have the full rights of a Roman citizen, and I might even marry. What think you of that, dear one?"

For a moment or so Varilia contemplated him in silence, passionately running her fingers through his blue-black curls. Then, as if it were her thoughts themselves that spoke, she said: "Adonias, listen to me. You will have to leave this house at once. Here, each day that passes means another chance of your ruin."

"What?" he exclaimed. "You would have me leave here, without you?"

"It must be, my darling. I will

ILLUSTRATED
BY
BOOTHROYD



"I'm glad to have you under my orders," Pilatus said, clasping Marcus' arms.

arrange something with your good tutor Megacles, and you will disappear until the Liberalia. But you must go now, immediately. The riot seems to be calming down. You must take your two slaves with you as escort, and go to Lollia Paulina's house. It would never do for Valerius to find you here when he returns from Ostia!"

Greatly troubled by this incomprehensible counsel and by the evident distress of his friend, Adonias tried again to persuade her to enlighten him as to the mysterious danger of which she spoke, but she cut him short.

"Remember," she said, "that tonight you are to receive in yourself the spirit of the divine Dionysus. For this you must be at ease and untroubled both in body and mind. Listen to me. Do as I say. When the right time comes you will understand everything."

Adonias bowed his head in token of assent.

"Now, go!" she said. "To-night you shall be made one with the immortal God of the Vineyard, you shall be identified mystically with him . . . and you shall be mine!"

Marcus set out then with Simon and Lupus for Lollia's gardens. With them Varilia sent her trusted maid Amala, carrying a letter to Lollia. In this she asked her friend to hand over Adonias to the mystagogues so that he might be prepared for the night's ceremony.

In view of the disturbing events of the day, however, she asked for confirmation of the ceremony being held, and she expressed the hope that it would not be deferred. Amala would bring back a reply, with (so the letter ran) "all the usual precautions." Varilia would herself go after dark to the gardens, to take part in the secret rites.

Please turn to page 58

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F4/120

Page 57

LOLLIA Paulina's magnificent gardens were at the far end of the Esquiline. All the frequenters of her salon were members of the highest consular aristocracy; all had had stormy pasts. Several had more than one crime on their conscience.

But the most notable of all the attendants at these mystic reunions was Urgulania, the all-powerful friend of old Livia, the widow of Augustus.

Salons like that of Lollia, each with its little sanctuary, abounded in the Rome of that time. Isis, Demeter, Bacchus, Sabazius, Atys—one of these divinities had a little temple in the house of every aristocratic family, and in many gardens of the suburbs.

Each was impelled by the same motive—the expectation of the coming of a Liberator, one who would replace the dark supremacy of pain and evil by the reign of boundless joy.

The divine presence which the initiates of Lollia's salon regarded as imminent was the Third Incarnation of Dionysus, God of the joy of life and of wild ecstasy.

Lollia's sanctuary consisted of a small roofless chapel surrounded by a six-foot wall which served to isolate from the rest of the garden the secret places where the ceremonies of initiation were held.

The outer faces of this wall were covered with a dense growth of ivy, the plant especially associated with Dionysus. A row of cypresses all around it formed a hedge that concealed it from view.

Marcus Adonias, handed over to the mystagogues as soon as he arrived, had to remain for four hours kneeling before a great phallus of red porphyry in the Hall of Meditation.

On either side of the symbol, set up on a stone plinth, was a brazier, on to which from time to time one of the pyrophori, the attendants who

tended the holy fire and carried torches, threw incense from a silver scoop, with pieces of sandal and other scented woods.

Every now and then a mystagogue, clad in tunic of flaming red, would appear and give instructions and explanations of the various stages of the coming ceremony. As soon as he had finished speaking, unseen flutes would take up an impressive rhythm.

Before very long Marcus Adonias was completely intoxicated. He felt he was no longer of this world. The music, the exciting perfumes, the words of the mystagogue, and the colored lights had transported him into an unreal atmosphere of dreams, almost of nightmares.

His heart was beating wildly. That night he was to see the immortal Dionysus. The Son of Fire would appear to him, face to face, would penetrate into him like a ray of sunlight into clear still water, and would impregnate him with his passion.

The thought filled him with unspeakable excitement.

Night fell, and at length the ceremony began. As it continued, a wild sensual orgy, Marcus withdrew more and more from reality, carried completely away by the unfamiliar sights and sounds about him, the heady incense, the dancing and cries of the Bacchantes, the solemn intonation of the high priest; half intoxicated, too, by a strange brew he had been forced to drink.

At length, clad only in the skin of a sacrificial goat that he had himself slaughtered, grotesquely adorned by its horns, he became aware that the Bacchantes, gathered about him, were pushing him into a cave-like hut of cane and reeds. Just inside it, he glimpsed a shadowy shape, like that of a nymph.

He burst in and rushed to seize it. A woman's soft arms fastened round his neck, lips fastened on his lips.

But even in his state of intoxica-

The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 57

tion Marcus could pause to wonder who was this woman? Was it Varilia?

Trembling with anxiety he ran his fingers gently over the head, the hair, the eyebrows, and the cheeks of his companion, endeavoring in the darkness to recognise by touch the features of his dear one. He had been told to maintain strict silence, but he was sorely tempted to speak,

Doctors use hypnosis

HYPNOTISM is more than a vaudeville turn on the stage or a radio stunt. It is a healer, too.

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Hypnotism has helped them to cure stammering, hysterical blindness, insomnia, migraine, and seasickness. Dentists have used it instead of anaesthetics to pull teeth painlessly.

It has even helped doctors to turn alcoholics into teetotalers. But one danger is that if drinking is a symptom of a nervous disorder the patient may become a drug addict or a chain smoker instead.

You can read of the triumphs and possibilities of medical hypnosis in A.M. for November, now on sale. It's the national magazine for men and women.

were it only to utter her name and to hear her lips murmur his.

Before he could decide this, however, the silence was shattered by the furious barking of dogs. There came loud, angry shouts followed by

the sound of people running. Then there was a horrified cry: "The mysteries are profaned! Fly! Fly!"

In dismay Marcus and the woman with him leapt to their feet. Marcus rushed to the door of the hut. In front of the altar on which the fire was still smouldering he saw a mob of men and women battling together. The Bacchantes, led by Lollia and Urgulania, had flung themselves against a squad of police, in the midst of whom he recognised the massive figure of Valerius Messala.

At that moment Marcus heard behind him the terrified voice of Varilia: "O divine Persephone, it is Valerius Messala!"

No doubt he was already certain in his own mind that it was Varilia who had been with him, but on hearing her voice Marcus had no thought for anyone or anything else.

"Fear nothing, my beloved!" he whispered, turning to her, "I shall defend you!" Snatching up his dagger, he stepped out into the open.

At the sight of that young man, naked but for the goatskin hanging down his back, and with the two great horns swaying above his head, Valerius recoiled in holy terror, thinking for an instant that he was facing some supernatural being.

But the next moment he recognised Marcus and came towards him waving his sword.

Marcus faced him. "Stop, father! Do not profane the mystery of the divine Dionysus!"

"You son of a slave!" yelled Valerius, foaming with rage. "You vile circumcised Jew!" And he rushed forward to strike him.

Marcus stood back in the door of the hut. As Valerius came at him with his sword upraised, he thrust, without quite realising what he was doing, and his point entered the side of his adversary, who crashed to the ground like a stricken bull.

VARILIA fled towards Lollia's house. Appalled at what he had done, Marcus made his way out of the sanctuary and ran off under the trees.

All the divine intoxication had evaporated. He felt lost, disgraced, abandoned by the God because of the violation of the mystic rites, with all his high hopes and expectations brought to nought, stained, too, with the blood of a relative who might be regarded as having stood to him as a father.

It had all happened so unexpectedly, as by a decree of fate, and was so contrary to his own volition that he was utterly confused and crushed.

From the garden came the sound of shouting and men running. The police were searching for him. Just as he was, with only the goatskin on his back, and the horns on his head, sword in hand and ready to defend himself against all comers, he ran out into the lane and down it towards the Via Sacra.

In his half-demented state he ran for some time, uttering incoherent sounds like some hunted animal.

The streets were virtually deserted and in darkness. But all who sighted Marcus were terrified. Even the few police patrols, met at a cross-roads, turned into the nearest side street, with propitiatory gestures of conjuration. Everyone took him for an apparition of Pan, descending from the mountains to exact vengeance from the sacrilegious city.

At length Marcus reached the Circus Maximus. By this time the lash of the cold morning breeze was helping him to recover his wits. He began to reflect soberly on what he should do next.

He thought of Megacles. Whenever difficulties had arisen, it had always been his loving old philosopher and tutor who had solved his problems.

Please turn to page 59

A Ford Pill—then off to bed

This grateful mother writes:

For many years my mother used Ford Pills whenever any of her family was off colour and now, since I have my own little ones, I use them too. I find them very effective for all the family and as soon as the kiddies complain of any tummy trouble I give them a Ford Pill and send them off to bed and they are quite well again next day. I have always used them even when the babies were coming and found them a wonderful help at those times.

Ford Pills contain no poisons or dangerous drugs.

Ford Pills are safe for children and the most delicate patients.

Give Ford Pills this way:

Children, 10 months to 2 years:

Give half a Ford Pill crushed in honey, jam or treacle.

Older children:

Give half to 1 Ford Pill with a drink or crushed in honey, jam or treacle.

Adults:

1 to 3 Ford Pills with a drink.

Ford Pills will give your family cheery good health.

GET FORD PILLS
IN PLASTIC TUBES
2/6 EVERYWHERE



FORD PILLS

THE GENTLE, TASTELESS, PAINLESS LAXATIVE FOR ALL YOUR FAMILY



IN Valerius' house, Marcus reflected, nobody would as yet know what had happened. Even if he were to be carried home, there was no certainty of his being alive when he got there. Marcus could not judge how serious might be the wound he had inflicted on his relative, though he remembered clearly his falling with a bellow like that of an ox.

It was most improbable that Varilia would return home at all. In any case he, Marcus, would get there first. He would awaken Megacles and take his advice.

Having come to this decision, he skirted the Circus and began to run again towards the Triumphal Way.

Everyone was still asleep when at length he reached the home of the Valerii, and, bursting in on Megacles, stammered out a disjointed account of all that had occurred.

The old man threw up his arms in a gesture of dismay. "My son," he said, "I had a strong suspicion that something dreadful would happen to-night. I felt that something mysterious, some secret plot, was afoot in this house."

He fell then into deep, worried thought, wondering how best he could help the boy.

"Sir," he said at length, "go at once to your room and put on your usual clothing. It is unlikely that you should have killed anyone, nevertheless you will have to leave this house before cock-crow. I shall take you to a place where you will be safe."

"But where will that be, Megacles?"

"I will tell you when we are on our way. Obey me now, I beg of you."

The solution at which Megacles had arrived was in truth excellent. He had decided that the best course in all the circumstances was to place Marcus under the protection of Ur-

gulantia, the most influential woman in all Rome.

Tiberius himself stood in awe of her, partly because of the old friendship between her and his own mother, Livia, and partly because he firmly believed that she possessed magic powers and was addicted to casting spells.

When Livia died at a ripe old age she had bequeathed to this dazzling favorite a villa that she owned on the outskirts of Rome, on the Via Flaminia. The villa bore the name Ad Gallinas.

Secreted there, Megacles reckoned, protected by one so influential and resourceful as Urgulantia, Marcus could with an easy mind await the results of the proceedings that would certainly be taken against the frequenters of Lollia's sanctuary.

Towards the third hour Megacles and Marcus arrived at the villa Ad Gallinas and presented themselves to the steward-caretaker.

Megacles took the steward aside for a few minutes, told him that he was acting on behalf of his mistress the Lady Varilia, and the man made no difficulty about admitting this handsome young aristocrat. He allotted Marcus the best suite of rooms and said he could have as many slaves as he wished to see to his needs.

This having been arranged, Megacles, anxious to acquaint Urgulantia and Lollia Paulina with what he had done without further loss of time, took his leave, after admonishing his pupil to keep a level head.

Marcus, left alone, shut himself in one of his rooms and endeavored to collect his thoughts, so confused by the events of the past few hours. It all seemed to him like a terrible dream.

A great sob of anguish burst from him, and a horrible fear ate into his very heart. When and how should

The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 58

he see Varilia again? And what was going to happen now in the house of Valerius Messala?

Succumbing to the shock of these thoughts, Marcus covered his face with his hands and like a beaten child wept long and bitterly.

At last he fell asleep. He had a dream, a vivid dream. It seemed to him that he was standing alone on a beach, looking out to seaward at



"Here's the part about us, dear... Mrs. Smythe-Washington, beautiful as always, wore a Mainbocher gown of blue satin. Her lovely blonde hair was swept into a radiant..."

break of day. The shores were deserted, there were no ships, all around were high rocks over which circled flocks of great gulls who filled the air with their shrill cries.

Suddenly a strange figure emerged from the water and came towards him. It was a young man of about his own age, wonderfully handsome, though his face and eyes bore evidence of a mystic and profound sadness. It was as though he had collected in his own expression all the pains and griefs of the earth.

Around his curly head he wore a

kind of coronet—at first sight it was hard to say whether it was made of woven vine-shoots or twisted stems of thorn briar. The green tendrils that fell over the forehead alternated with little clusters of grapes, red like clots of blood.

Taking him for the god Dionysus, Marcus held out his arms to greet him: "O holy and ineffable Dionysus, hast thou then escaped from the Titans, and dost thou desire that I aid thee to hide in some cave, up there amongst those rocks?"

"No," replied the mysterious new arrival, "we shall not hide. On the contrary, we twain shall march together against the Titans, and fight them! Follow me, my disciple!"

With that he took Marcus by the hand. So they walked together to the water's edge... and lo! they walked on the water as though it were a pavement of shining marble. A wind from some unknown source seemed to drive them forward... they were flying over the water, and Marcus, dizzy with the speed of it, felt again a sort of divine intoxication mingled this time with unutterable fear.

He was on the point of turning towards his guide to express his fears, but he had no time to do so. With the speed of two shooting stars on a summer's night they had already reached the farthest limit of the horizon and before them stretched a sea of fire. Flames crackled above their heads, whirling masses of sparks assailed them from all sides, their flesh caught fire like tinder.

Marcus felt himself burning, could see himself burning. So intense was the pain that his sleep was shattered and he awoke to find himself in the villa, so bewildered that he had great difficulty in recovering any sense of reality.

Outside, bright sunlight flooded the countryside whence came the faint monotonous chanting of the slaves at their work.

SINCE the great scandal of the proceedings against Julia, daughter of the Emperor Augustus, for adultery, no social event in Rome had occasioned so great a stir as the raid by Valerius Messala on Lollia's garden sanctuary.

A provision of the Law of the year 711 had forbidden the celebration of exotic rites on pain of severe penalties, and that same year several thousands of Oriental sorcerers had been banished to the Sardinian mines.

This time it was not only a matter of celebrating forbidden secret rites, which was an affair to be dealt with by the police. There was also the compromising situation in which Varilia and Marcus had been surprised, and the wounding of Valerius Messala, a consular personage, who was his assailant's guardian and relative.

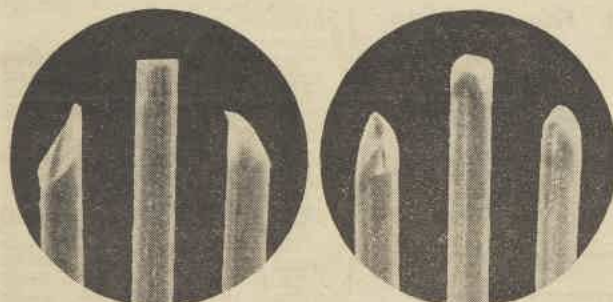
The scandal, too, had occurred in the house of one of the most famous women in Rome, and with the complicity of several others, one of whom was the wife of an officiating Consul. Lawyers and spies saw in it an exceptional opportunity for feathering their nests and they besieged Valerius with offers of assistance in starting a gigantic lawsuit.

Still burning with jealousy and rage over the whole affair, Valerius only too willingly instituted proceedings immediately.

Megacles, on returning from Ad Gallinas, had been put in irons and threatened with death if he did not reveal the hiding-place of his pupil. Official search was made, but the secret of Marcus' whereabouts had proved impenetrable.

To prevent further searching, Urgulantia, who kept in constant touch with Lollia, spread the report that the young man was in her own house in Rome, and that she would allow no one to enter it, not even the Praetorians.

Please turn to page 60



SHARP Knife-cut bristles on ordinary toothbrush. SMOOTH Round-ended bristles on Wisdom toothbrush.

Which toothbrush against your gums?

We all know we should brush our gums! But have you ever tortured yourself with an ordinary toothbrush... drawn blood when you tried to brush-stimulate your gums?

With a wisdom tooth-and-gum brush you can brush your gums with comfort! Because each bristle on every Wisdom tooth-

brush has a specially rounded end.

Rounded ends are smooth against your gums. Try a Wisdom straight away. Tone up the tissues. Feel how your gums become firm.

Wisdom's arrangement of the bristles also ensures the most thorough cleansing of teeth.

★ Yes, Wisdom gives you rounded ends

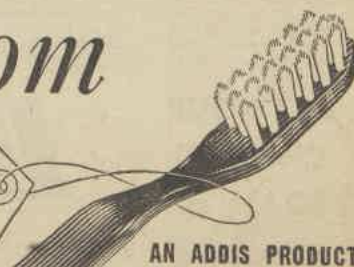
BRUSH... UP... YOUR... SMILE...



WITH THE BRUSH FOR TEETH AND GUMS

Wisdom

NATURAL BRISTLE 2/3
NYLON BRISTLE 1/9



AN ADDIS PRODUCT

BALDNESS

What Causes It!

Each hair develops in a tiny pit or follicle and grows from a small bulb or papilla at the base of the follicle. Permanent baldness is the result of the atrophy, closing or destruction of these papillae. Chief causes are a tightening scalp and loose dandruff which clogs the scalp pores and follicles.

How to Avoid It!

Massage with **POTTER & MOORE'S BRILLIANTINE HAIR TONIC** stimulates the scalp, dislodges choking dandruff, helps digest the insidious dandruff germ. Natural oils are replenished. Dry, Scalp disappears. The dormant hair roots wake up and a healthy new growth results. **POTTER & MOORE'S BRILLIANTINE HAIR TONIC** which contains **CHOLESTEROL**, professionally known for its penetrating properties, is obtainable everywhere price 2/3 (economy size 3/11).

This is a Guaranteed Product! If not satisfied after following the prescribed treatment, money will be refunded.

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Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells Home Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffery, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can use this simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. Just go to your chemist and ask him for **Orfex Compound**. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. Apply the **Orfex Compound** to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger at very little cost. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

V

VARILIA had returned home a few hours after her husband. They had had a stormy interview. Valerius proposed to turn her out without ceremony. But the spirited young woman stayed on.

"It is my home," she maintained resolutely. "I have spent three years here as a wife for whom you had no use, and I can very well remain for a few weeks longer as a tolerated guest!"

Amongst other tasks to which she had to devote herself was that of protecting Megacles, and in the defence of the old tutor she displayed such courage and energy that she completely discomfited Valerius and his advisers. She procured his release, and thanks to the help of other slaves she was able, through him, to communicate with her friends, and even with Marcus.

Meanwhile Lollia Paulina and the other members of their circle were exerting all their influence to have the matter reduced to its true proportions. Some Senators were bribed, others threatened.

But as things were not shaping too well, despite all this, Urgulania decided to take the bull by the horns. She took ship at Ostia and proceeded to Capri to interview the Emperor.

Tiberius stood in holy awe of this woman. Her aggressive audacity, her imperious and overwhelming force of character, and above all the dramatic nature of her arrival made a powerful impression on the old man, whose mind was now entirely obsessed by premonitions of a cosmic upheaval.

When he saw her arrayed in her star-spangled mantle, the famous half-moon on her head, and an unconscionable number of amulets and charms dangling on her breast, he was panic-stricken and at once granted all she asked.

So it was that on the twenty-fifth day of February the month of the Purifications, when the case was

opened before the Senate, with Varilia and the other accused present, there came a coup de theatre.

Into the Court-Hall, crammed with senators and sight-seers, marched Urgulania in her eccentric garb of a priestess of Isis, to present a rescript signed by Tiberius. By this the Emperor took the case into his own hands, and reduced the whole affair to one of a simple contravention of the Religious Law.

Consequently, in view of the peculiar status of Varilia in relation to her husband, and in view of the youth and inexperience of Marcus, the sentence passed on these two was such as to ruin all the hopes of the greedy conspirators.

Varilia was banished, until further orders, to Rhegium, a town in Bruttium, where she would reside in the villa in which Julia, the Emperor's wife, had died. She would, however, retain all her rights in her own property and fortune, and might take with her a number of servants of her own choice.

Marcus was to be sent back to Judaea, the land of his birth, and orders were sent to Pontius Pilatus, the Governor who had succeeded his own father Valerius Gratus, to invest him with the toga virilis and start him on a military career.

He, too, was to retain all rights to his fortune and possessions. Both Marcus and Varilia were to leave Rome on the first day of March.

On the Calends of March Varilia started on her journey. With her were ten slaves, amongst whom were the doctor Cyparissus and her faithful Joessa.

At the moment of quitting Rome she felt, very clearly and definitely, that never again would she set eyes on that city.

Thinking of Marcus she was sick at heart. He was still a mere boy,

The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 59

lacking all experience of the world, and it was without her that he must grow to ardent youth in a distant mysterious land, exposed to all kinds of influences and temptations.

He would meet other women, and some would love him; other aims would absorb his thoughts, and maybe in his native motherland he would forget the dramatic interlude of his adolescence. He might develop into either a tough soldier or an effeminate voluptuary, whilst she, in the solitude of exile, would wither like a rose in the rains of autumn.

Presently she was to meet him on this Apollonian Way to say a last good-bye.

The final rendezvous had been arranged by Megacles in concert with Urgulania. Varilia, with her little caravan, was to halt near the mausoleum of her own family. There amidst the tombs Marcus would be waiting for her.

W

HEN at length Varilia's little company reached the mausoleum, and she saw Marcus' two slaves waiting outside it, her heart was beating so rapidly that she was obliged to lean for a few moments against the wall on which she had just alighted.

Recovering herself, she walked on towards the monument. The door was open. Mastering her emotion with difficulty she entered.

From behind one of the altars Marcus appeared. Varilia was wearing the dress that she liked best, a blue tunic with a golden waistbelt, and a white mantle of woollen material embroidered in purple. On her hair was the little coronet of golden cecidas.

When he saw her, pale, her features drawn from the ordeal of the past few days, he was so distressed

that at first he could not move. She seemed to him like a priestess about to take part in a funeral rite.

"Adonia, my darling! . . ." On hearing these words he flew to lock her in his arms. For several minutes there was silence broken only by convulsive sobs, stifled sighs, and kisses.

Neither was capable of uttering a word. For one moment they stood apart, looking at one another. Then they embraced again, wildly.

Finally Varilia took his hand and led him to one of the stone pedestals, making him sit beside her.

"My beloved," she said, "now we must part. See, we are saying good-bye among these tombs. Forgive me for having brought you, so young, so inexperienced, into all this trouble!"

"Dearest, why make harder for me the pain of separation? You must not speak of blaming yourself! You have been, and you are, everything to me—mother, sister, friend. I bless and thank you for it! I cannot bear the thought of living away from you."

"My dear boy," replied Varilia, "maybe a new happiness is waiting for you beyond the sea. It is there that you were born, and assuredly your mother is still living. You will find her, and you will forget me, whose love has meant for you so much suffering!"

"Of course I hope to see my mother. But forget you . . . never! I don't feel I shall be able to live without you. I refuse to accept that fate. Listen, my love. We are both Romans and death does not appal us! If men withhold happiness from us let us go down of our own free will to the fields of asphodel, where Dionysus, God of joy, will come to meet us! See, sweetheart—"

Marcus drew his dagger. "Let us kill ourselves . . ."

Please turn to page 61

Read how these ex-sufferers successfully fought the racking, torturing coughs and aches of

CATARRH, BRONCHITIS

Sleep better now at night! . . . Feel better every day!

Lantigen 'B' Dissolved Oral Vaccine, taken like an ordinary medicine at night before retiring or alternatively in the morning as directed, quickly relieves the difficult breathing, sleepless, choked-up night of Catarrh and Bronchial sufferers. Read now how Lantigen 'B', the world-famous Oral Immunisation treatment, has successfully treated these fellow-Australians, brought them restful sleep, improved their general health, and helped in promoting long-lasting immunity. Read what they say:—



"USED TO FEAR THE COMING OF NIGHT!"

Says Mrs. J. V. Pollett, of 17 Waratah St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.:

"Seven years ago I lay in bed propped up on pillows, under drugs, trying to get control of my Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh. I spent no less than four months in bed. I used to fear the coming of night because all night long I coughed and coughed. I felt I would die unless I gained relief. Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed and I bought my first bottle. In three weeks I was up and about again, and I have improved ever since. I am full of energy, where once I was dragged down. I sleep well at night. I have no signs of Catarrh or Bronchitis, and I never have a headache."



"NIGHT AFTER NIGHT—NOTHING ELSE BUT COUGH"

Says father, Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Queensland:

"Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of Bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but cough. All day long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen, and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy—no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night."



"HARSH BRONCHIAL COUGH DISTURBED MY REST AT NIGHT"

Says Mr. Bert Hare, of Bligh Street, Wollongong, N.S.W.:

"I suffered a severe attack of Bronchitis and was left with a harsh, racking cough which no amount of treatment would shift. Then my wife bought Lantigen 'B' for me and, believe it or not, the third day from taking the first dose found me absolutely free from the harsh cough which had worried me all through the days and disturbed my rest at nights, and I now enjoy a cough-free life. Lantigen 'B' is indeed the deadly enemy of coughs and colds."

Lantigen 'B'

THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

ASK YOUR CHEMIST TODAY FOR

taken just like an ordinary medicine for germ-caused CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, SINUS & ANTRUM INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS. Product of Edinburgh Laboratories, Sydney.

Page 60

LANTIGEN 'B' BRINGS PROMPT RELIEF.

Lantigen 'B' counteracts the effects of the germs which cause Catarrh and Bronchitis, because it is a modern, dissolved oral vaccine prepared by skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction.



WORKS THROUGH THE BLOODSTREAM

Absorbed into the bloodstream through the mucous membranes of the nose, throat, and by the digestive system, Lantigen 'B' stimulates the production of "antibodies." These antibodies are the system's natural antidotes to the "catarrh" germs. They neutralise the germ poisons and thus relieve inflammation, pain, and congestion. Immunity against further attack is promoted and often lasts for years.

ALL THESE BENEFITS

Breathing eases, sore, stuffed-up noses are freed, tight bronchial congestion soothed, heavy frontal headaches disappear, you sleep

through the night without coughing—wake rested and fresh.

NO INJECTIONS
Just take Lantigen 'B' like an ordinary medicine in a little

water at bedtime or alternatively in the morning as directed.

NO DRUGS

Lantigen 'B' is perfectly safe for young and old. It is guaranteed not to harm the heart nor interfere with other treatments.

ECONOMICAL

The recommended treatment costs less than 3d. per day. Little, indeed, for the benefits Lantigen 'B' can bring to you. See your Chemist today!

211978

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 18, 1950

STRETCHING
 forth her hand, Varilla gently took the dagger from Marcus' grasp.
 "No, Marcus! Let us trust in the Immortal Spirit. You have spoken of death, but I have a presentiment that neither your exile nor mine will last for very long. I feel that something not now foreseeable, something I cannot explain, will happen to divert our paths towards a new happiness. Let us not attempt to force the hands of the Gods, my darling. Let us put our faith in the divine Dionysus."

As she spoke, the fire had left Marcus' eyes. Locked in each other's arms, they exchanged the last fond parting kisses. Then Varilla turned quietly away and left the monument.

When, three days later, Marcus reached Brindisi, he found Megacles and the eight other slaves who had gone on ahead with the baggage. Everything was ready for departure. The vessel of Thamus, the Egyptian pilot who had brought the news of the death of Pan, was sailing that same evening for the Near East carrying as usual, besides passengers, the mails for the Governors of that region.

The port was swarming with Levantine traders, but especially with Hebrews returning to their own country in view of the near approach of their Feast of the Passover.

"Sir," said Megacles, hastening to greet his master, "I have been able to obtain a cabin for you, so that you can travel in comfort. All your baggage is aboard, and the weather looks favorable."

"You have done well," said Marcus, watching with interest what was going on in the many vessels at the quays. One or two were already casting off their hawsers. Thamus' craft was a large sailing-ship, and her figure-head was a great gilded cow's head all corroded by salt water, with the name in purple

letters below it—Naout ("the cow of Isis").

Marcus went slowly up the gangway to the upper deck and half an hour later Naout, outlined against the haze of dusk, was scudding down the lower Adriatic with all sails set to the evening breeze.

Throughout the whole month of March the west winds blew strong and favorable in all the Mediterranean and at length, after a good passage, Thamus' stout ship Naout sighted the Palestinian coast. Now, under full sail, they were nearing the little port of Joppa, the modern Jaffa.

All around the sea was dotted with the sails of vessels, and others were continually arriving from all points of the horizon. All were filled with Hebrew traders.

The port, too, a little port bordered by steep cliffs, was already full of sailing craft swaying at their moorings on the foam-flecked water.

"And this is the land in which I was born!" mused Marcus Adonias, deeply moved.

During all the long voyage he had thought of nothing but Varilla, of their farewell kisses in the mausoleum. Now, looking out on this new unknown shore, the figure of Varilla became blurred in the stress of new and strong emotions.

A flood of memories, clear and tenacious as childhood's memories always are, surged within him. They were memories of his early years.

He could see again a great house by the sea, set in a cool garden with palms, cypresses, and roses, where gorgeous peacocks with emerald necks spread majestic tails to flit him with wonder and delight.

A young woman lived in that house, a woman who was always with his father and whom the soldiers used to salute when they passed her.

Perhaps he would see his mother

The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 60

again. When he thought of her it was with a sense of melancholy that gripped him by the throat and depressed him to the level of a slave. By no effort of imagination could he conjure up anything definite about her.

His Hebrew slave, Simon, who had been with her at the time of Marcus' birth, was the only one who had ever spoken of her in Rome. Now Simon was standing by him and pointing out the objects of interest on the coastline as the ship approached the port.

"Look, sir, the green cone yonder is Mount Carmel, that our fathers used to call The Wooded Mount. More to the right are the Mountains of Judah, where stand the Great Temple and the house where you were born. I remember it so well, sir!"

MARCUS was listening rapidly, and Simon, encouraged, went on talking animatedly.

"Your father had not yet arrived from Caesarea. Your mother, Micol, daughter of Phabi, said to me: 'Simon, go to the market, to the place near the Gate of Fishes where the Galileans sell their goods, and buy me a cradle for the son Jahve has sent for me.'"

"So I went and I found there a young carpenter from Nazareth, a lad of about fifteen, who had come with his mother and a donkey for the feast. His father had died shortly before. They were selling their things in a corner of the market, and a number of articles of furniture they had made were all spread out on the matting. Amongst them was a cradle of sycamore."

"He was a good-looking boy, that carpenter, fine-built yet sturdy, like the son of a king! He wore his hair

long, falling down to his shoulders, as the Nazarenes all do. The mother, still young and very beautiful, had continued to wear mourning."

"Peace be with you, O Nazarene," I said, 'Micol, daughter of Phabi, has had a son by the Roman Governor, and has sent me to buy a cradle. Could I have that one?'"

"Take it," answered the young man with a smile, 'and tell Micol her child may sleep peacefully in it, for his God will be Jahve!'"

"Then with the point of a knife he cut his own name—Jesus—on a side of the cradle and himself lifted it on to my shoulder. It was in that cradle you slept, sir, and it was in it that you were circumcised."

Meantime the ship was entering the harbor and already the scamen were shortening sail.

Thamus' vessel, being engaged on mail service, was by a piece of delicate manoeuvring brought alongside a wooden wharf reserved for the mail-boats and there made fast. A detachment of soldiers in helmets and cuirasses was on duty to take charge of the mails.

On seeing Marcus among the first to disembark, they gave him the Roman salute with outstretched arms. "Ave, Domine!" They recognised him as an aristocrat of the Urbs.

"Ave!" replied Marcus, his spirits revived by the sight of these Roman soldiers. "Where is your Commander?"

"Over there, sir, at the Customs Office," said one of the Legionaries, "if you will come with us."

About a hundred paces from the wharf was an open office where sat the Customs official who collected the duties and tolls. A few soldiers were on guard there and amongst them a Centurion.

Please turn to page 63



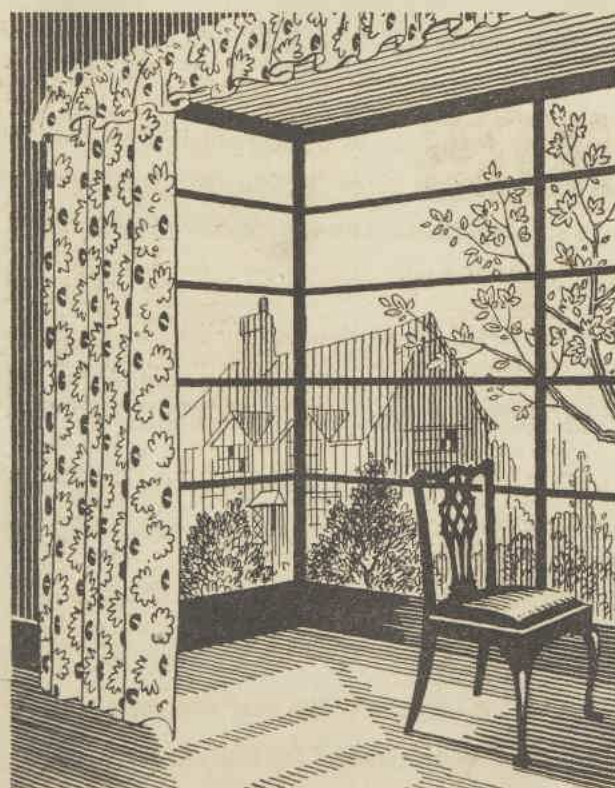
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Your skin becomes velvet soft . . . tiny lines soften and disappear . . . flaky roughness smooths away when the rich creamy Herco lotion penetrates deep into the pore openings. Lanoline's nourishing benefit and the softening effect of the Olive Oil keep your skin gloriously young.

Herco is scientifically compounded in care for your skin by the three basics of true skin beauty . . .

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TOOTAL furnishing fabrics are gay and beautiful to look at—restful and friendly to live with. What's more, they are completely reliable, easy and safe to wash, remarkably hardwearing and strongly resistant to fading. Made of the finest quality materials, and carrying the TOOTAL Guarantee, these attractive fabrics offer a wide choice of weaves, colours and designs.

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REGD

The Australia I Know

A way of life to work for . . .

A land to love and fight for . . .

A future strength to strive for . . .

By a Mother of Three



AUSTRALIA means a lot to me. Nowhere else in the world has a woman such high status as she has here. We have a voice in the government of the Country; we are free to stand for Parliament or enter any of the professions. Never are we penalised for being women. Our living standards are wonderful compared with those of the poor creatures of less enlightened lands, and we know that our children will grow up with more opportunities for a free, healthy and happy life than they could find anywhere else in the world.

And now our country is in danger of aggression, and we think what that means to us as wives, mothers, sweethearts. War is a hateful, evil thing to a woman. Her instincts are creative — war means only destruction.

But we are fortunate to be warned in time, for at least we are being given the chance to make ourselves so prepared that an aggressor will think twice before attacking us.

When Australia is in danger our children are in danger. So in striving to make Australia strong we also make secure the future of the children we love.

If to make the nation secure means that we must make sacrifices, we women of Australia will not be found wanting.

**What we do over the next few years
will determine the fate and
future of Australia**

WHEN the Centurion sighted Marcus he at once recognised his quality, stood to attention, and extended his arm in salute: "Ave Domine! Are you going to Jerusalem?"

"Yes, I am going to Jerusalem with my servants."

"May I be permitted to inquire, sir, to what family you belong?"

"To the Valerii. I am the son of Valerius Gratus."

"Ah! sir," exclaimed the Centurion, greatly excited and surprised, "I served under your father! I've been twenty years here in Judaea. Your father was a great gentleman and a brave man!"

"So you knew my father? And what is your name?"

"My name is Cornelius, sir. I belong to the cohort in garrison at Jerusalem under Commandant Sisennius Pansa."

"Is the Governor still in Caesarea?"

"No, sir. These three days past he is at the Antonia Tower. This is the time when so many of these stinking Hebrews flock into Jerusalem that it is essential to make them feel the iron fist. And Pontius Pilatus stands no nonsense. You see how they swarm? They come from every corner of the Mediterranean!"

This was indeed true. The wharf, the foreshore, the shops round the port, were all black with an endless crowd of people that grew larger and thicker with each arrival of yet another vessel.

The beach was crammed with camels, horses, and little white donkeys standing by the packages belonging to their owners. Many were already loaded and setting out on their way inland.

"Cornelius," said Marcus, "you'll have to help me to find transport. It will not be easy to-day, with all this influx of people."

"No need to worry, sir!" replied the Centurion. "We Romans can get anything we want. As for your baggage, I'll see that it is brought along by my own men. We shall soon arrange for yourself and your escort." He turned to a soldier, a veteran of Gallia Bracata, wearing the badge of a troop-leader.

"Tricongius, go with this gentleman to Simon the leather-dresser

and tell him, from me, that he is to go at once to the widow Tabitha and arrange with her to have everything the noble Marcus Valerius Gratus requires placed at his disposal."

The Gaul stepped forward.

"Come, sir!" he said, and set off, followed by Marcus and Simon.

Tabitha was the wealthy widow of a tax official who had died less than a year before. She had the monopoly of all the transportation services between Joppa and Jerusalem and in these days of intense activity she was coining money.

"Welcome, sir," she greeted Marcus, when Simon the leather-dresser had told her who he was and what he required. "Welcome to the land of Israel, thou who are as beautiful as the dawn over Mount Tabor and as strong as the town of Phasael! The best horse in my stables is for thee, sir, and for thee is the stoutest of my mules..."

"That is excellent!" said Marcus, very pleased with the compliments paid him by this young and comely woman. "Let all be made ready quickly, for I am anxious to start at once."

"It shall be done," replied Tabitha, "and do not fail, sir, to stop for the night at my hotel in Emmaus. I shall get prepared for you a room scented with roses!"

Towards the tenth hour of the morning Marcus Adonias with his little retinue of servants and four soldiers in charge of the official mails left Joppa on the way to Jerusalem. The sun was already warming the dust-laden air.

Marcus was filled with wonder and amazement by the unending stream of caravans. Near and far, wherever the semblance of a track wound between gardens and cultivated fields, a cloud of dust and the sound of singing marked the passage of one of these caravans of pilgrims moving towards the Holy City.

Many shepherds were carrying a lamb slung over their shoulders. A few were driving a fine fat calf destined to be sold for a sacrifice.

As far as Emmaus, which they reached near nightfall, Marcus

The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 61

Adonias had felt quite cheerful. The picturesque scenery and the air, which though stifling was laden with the strong perfume of vegetation, induced a sort of intoxication.

They all slept for the night in what Tabitha had called her hotel but was in fact only a modest rest-house, and early the following morning proceeded on their way to Jerusalem.

"Look, sir, look!" cried Simon, who had been jogging along beside Megacles' mule, and was now scanning the distant heights with eyes that shone with joy. "There is the Holy City, the City of David! The Temple doors will already be open, and the silver trumpets will be sounding for the morning prayers!"

AGAINST the backcloth of a metallic, lustrous sky were outlined the grim mountains of Judah. On the summit of the nearest stood the ramparts of Jerusalem, their great bastions crowned by mighty towers of dazzling whiteness.

Meanwhile the crowds of pilgrims grew more dense from minute to minute, presenting a spectacle that made Marcus Adonias feel more and more shocked and bewildered. Cymbals, drums, flutes, and the Hebrew sabbekas made their appearance and soon the whole valley resounded with their joyous din.

From all sides came choruses of song mingled with cries of delight and passionate invocations. It seemed that the mere sight of the City of the Prophets had infected all these people with some kind of madness.

But behind all the rejoicing what ghastly misery lay! Most of the pilgrims were paupers. There were sick people carried along by members of their own family, to be immersed in the healing water of some holy pool, poor shepherds with a lamb hanging round their neck like a scarf, countrymen who for lack of anything better were bringing as their offering a pair of doves snared in an olive-grove.

There were countless numbers suffering from disease. There were

children, yellow as lemons, who lay in their mothers' arms, staring with great wide-open eyes from which suffering could not wholly dispel their natural beauty. There were deformities and twisted limbs.

Marcus Adonias was appalled by all this. Never had he imagined there could be such squalor, such physical misery in the world. Only now did he realise fully that the advent of Dionysus, of a Saviour, must be imminent. But, he reflected, how can even Dionysus give these unhappy wretches any joy?

It seemed impossible that the same God who was to appear in the shape of a man and summon both Varilla and himself to a realm of Light could confront him with this suffering, degraded mass of humanity, physically repugnant and quite incapable of enjoying any kind of happiness.

Perhaps, he opined, Dionysus will not be coming for them, but for a privileged few whom he will constitute his elect.

Nevertheless, the spectacle caused him great uneasiness and filled him with profound pity. The strident, mournful, almost inhuman cry of "Sedakah!" distressed him. With all his heart he wished he were able to do something for all these despaired and abandoned people.

The thought that his own mother might be amongst them filled him with horror. Perhaps he might yet find her at the Temple door, hand outstretched, and uttering the same lamentable appeal.

In deep distress, Marcus turned to Megacles. "Sedakah! Tell me, Megacles, what does that word mean? What is it they want when they cry it out like that?"

"Sedakah, sir, means justice, fair-dealing."

"And why do they ask for fair-dealing? They are miserably poor, and what they really want is alms, the charity of a coin or two. One speaks of fair-dealing between equals!"

"Do you not know, sir, that charity is justice, is fair-dealing? It is the justice that man owes to man."

"So charity is justice!" mused Marcus in bewilderment.

PICKING their way through the miserable rabble, Marcus and his soldiers reached the foot of the hill and began to climb.

"Make way, there! Make way!" roared Tricongius, dropping the reins on his horse's neck and threatening the crowd in his path with the butt of his lance. They took good care to comply, grumbling or whining as they did so.

Some flung themselves aside with every indication of disgust and huddled as close as possible to the rock, trying to avoid the shadow of the Roman soldiers.

"You see, sir," explained Tricongius, "those rascals who try to dodge our shadows belong to the sect of the Pharisees. There are any number of sects here, and nowhere on earth could you find people more crazy than these! They think they are a privileged race, the Chosen of a strange God that lives in the mountains."

Grimly, he added, "And if you don't show them the iron hand they revolt at once. Luckily they've met their match this time! Pontius Pilatus will exterminate them if they don't come to heel!"

"My father was not so severe," replied Marcus, "and he managed to govern them for about eleven years."

"Ah! sir, they weren't so crazy then! Now they've got it into their heads that a great warrior will be born amongst them, one who will overthrow Rome. They call him the Messiah. It is the expectation of that which makes them so dangerous!"

As Marcus and his little cavalcade approached the city the landscape became even more desolate. The desert wind, growing stronger since the fifth hour, filled the air with reddish clouds of dust. Great flights of pigeons, coming from the reedbeds of the Jordan, swept like squalls over the city ramparts.

So they came to the Joppa Gate, tall, austere, and full of people. Marcus Adonias entered with his escort, and, saluted by the Legionaries of the guard, passed in front of the Tower of David and on towards the Heights of Moriah.

Please turn to page 64



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ON the crest of the hill and overlooking the Temple stood the Antonia Tower, the headquarters of the garrison and the official residence of the Governor. When he presented himself there, Marcus was conducted at once to the Governor's quarters.

"Come in! Come in, my boy," said Pilatus, advancing to meet him and presenting to his embrace, a clean-shaven cheek scented with Cypriot powder. "I've already heard all about you from Caesar and I'm glad to have you under my orders. Your father was a great friend of mine. When embracing you just now it was as though I were embracing him again on his departure for Italy, after handing over to me."

"He was not at all fit then, poor fellow! This country eats one up! So you'd better be careful, you who are so young and so—" Here Pilatus frowned meaningly. "You're to be a soldier, and you'll find, my lad, that it's none too easy to make the Roman eagles respected by these lice of the Empire."

Pilatus was a man of average height, very swarthy, with a big round head and a prominent forehead. His stern face was rendered even harder by a pair of quick merciless eyes, yellow as those of a falcon but with dark pupils.

When these eyes rested on one they conveyed an impression of implacable energy and determination due to the necessity of grappling with formidable tasks rather than to any natural disposition.

The fact was that during the years of his procuratorship Pilatus' character had changed. Essentially soldier-like to begin with, he had become embittered and of all the Governors that preceded him none had exhibited such contempt for the Hebrews.

"I, too, am happy to find myself under your command," said Marcus. "I could see, on my way to Jerusalem, that life here must be strenuous!"

Pilatus made a gesture as though to say, "It is indeed!" and then went on: "But you're young and keen and sure to have at heart the renown of Rome! Yours will be a tough job!

As for me, once the Feast is over, I go back to Caesarea. I wouldn't remain here in Jerusalem an hour longer than necessary.

"You'll stay with Pansa and take over command of the cavalry. And to-morrow you will be donning the toga virilis . . . just a simple ceremony as between soldiers . . . we're not in Rome now! Then you'll take up your duty, which will be the repression of brigandage. These are Caesar's instructions."

"I know," said Marcus Adonias, "and I shall carry out your orders. Where are they, these bandits?"

Pilatus looked approvingly at the lad, to whom he had at once taken a liking.

"They're not," he said, "just common thieves, they're fanatics. They attack caravans, but we Romans are their main objective. Many of my soldiers have fallen in their ambushes. There are about four hundred of them, led by a Zealot called Eleazar, though it is said they have a woman with them, a Jewish amazon, who is the worst of the lot."

"They have a kind of headquarters in difficult rocky country by the lake of Tiberias in Galilee, in the caves of Arbel; but the whole of the Jordan Valley as far south as Jericho is their field of operations. I've decided to smash them. That will be your job! If you can do it, my boy, you'll be back in Rome in a year's time!"

At that moment a slave appeared and announced the Tribune Sienianus Pansa.

"Show him in," said Pilatus, then, turning to Marcus, he explained: "He's my second-in-command, and will be your immediate superior . . ."

Pansa was a true soldier, young, of fine appearance, cheery and full of courage if not of perspicacity.

"Salve, Pontius Pilatus!" said he, preening himself in his handsome uniform. "In spite of the Baptist, it seems our Hebrews are fairly quiet this year! Nothing to report so far."

"Just as well," said Pilatus. "Now, Pansa, I want to introduce your

The Unknown Disciple

Continued from page 63

new subaltern to you. This young man is the son of my predecessor, Marcus Valerius Gratus. To-morrow we are going to invest him with the toga virilis and he's to have the command of the cavalry."

"Bravo!" said Pansa, delighted and holding out his hand to Marcus. "So you are fresh from Rome! What news do you bring us from there?"

"I don't quite know what sort of news you mean," said Marcus. "Rome is a big place!"

"How right you are! You must tell me all about it some other time!" Then, turning to Pilatus, he said, "Caiaaphas and his retinue are waiting outside. He's come for the Ephod. Naturally he won't come in!"

PILATUS grinned, then explained the matter to Marcus. "You see, my boy, what strange people we have in this country. The High Priest of the Temple comes every year to fetch the pontifical vestments, which are in my charge. But do you think he would enter my house? He wouldn't dream of it! He'd be afraid of contaminating himself."

Marcus felt rather distressed. After all, he thought, his mother was one of these "strange people."

"Is there no way of reaching an understanding with them?" he asked. "None at all, my dear fellow. These pompous ragamuffins believe themselves to be the Chosen of some fantastic God up in the mountains."

He gave orders for the Ephod to be fetched and handed over to Caiaaphas. Then he returned to the subject of the Hebrews, speaking with his customary bitterness. "Orientals," he said, "are fundamentally anarchists—they hate Rome because Rome means Law and Order. Rome rules because she has the right to do so, her mission is to spread Law and Order. All who rebel against it shall be crushed."

Pansa jested: "Our Governor is always in a foul temper when he

comes to Jerusalem!—Now I, on the contrary, like the place. There are so many pretty girls and so many lunatics here that I enjoy it all thoroughly!"

"Mind what you say about women-folk!" remarked Pilatus. "This lad has had trouble enough already in Rome with that kind of animal!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Pansa. "Bravo! You're beginning to interest me! Well, there's nothing better in life!"

Marcus tried to smile and give himself the air of a man of the world, but he felt much embarrassed. The image of Varilia flashed across his mind and the thought of having to discuss the subject later with Pansa distressed him greatly.

Pilatus came to his rescue by broaching another matter. Amongst the instructions sent him by the Emperor was one relating to his father's estate, of which Marcus was to be given possession after being invested with the toga virilis.

He said, "Saramalla, the banker, will be in Jerusalem for the Feast. We shall ask him to come and see me to-morrow, so that he can meet you and render you his accounts. I should advise you to leave the money in the old man's care. Nobody could administer it better than he."

The rumble of the shofar rising from the temple courts indicated that the evening service and the ceremony of sacrificing the lambs were about to commence.

"Come," said Pilatus, "let us go and see the butchery! You'll find my wife there looking on. This craze for a God flapping his wings up there in the hills gets into the blood, like a fever. I'm afraid Claudia must have been infected. She, too, is expecting the Messiah."

He conducted Marcus to the upper terrace of the Tower and there introduced him to his wife, Claudia.

"Ah, yes, Marcus Adonias," Claudia said in her sweet, rather sad voice. Dropping her voice she added, "I have had a letter about you from Varilia."

To be continued

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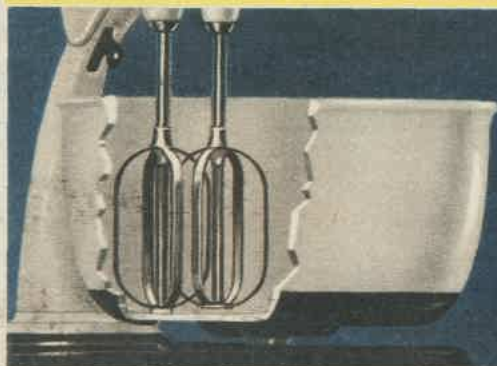
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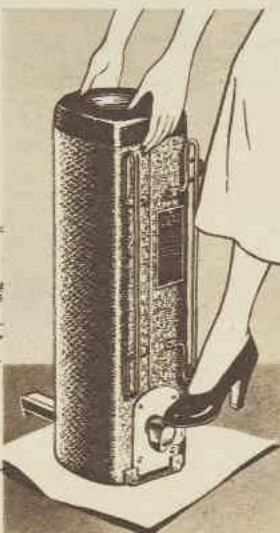
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The Hourglass

Continued from page 9

GRANT did not answer straight away, but after a pause he said, "I'm not going to think until Monday. A doctor learns that, or stops being a doctor. But as I said, Tom asked me not to tell..." His voice seemed to wander into the distance, then wave back. "...meanwhile, he'll be at Bennersville until Sunday. He wanted to finish some work."

"Yes, of course," Joan heard herself answering. Grant was saying many things, none of which she heard clearly. Instead she heard the faint hum of the icebox in the kitchen. And in a twist of memory, she could hear Tom demanding, "Well, where is the cheese this time?" Why did she think of that?

Then she understood: the hum of the icebox, as it had hummed at Bennersville when Tom had stood there with the door open, hunting for something—like cheese. Cheese, she thought wryly. There were a hundred things that people usually said: "No, he can't die; he's only thirty-one; people like Tom don't die." And instead, she kept on thinking of cheese!

Grant pulled on his overcoat and moved toward the door. He said, "The truth is, I always thought you and Tom were only letting a little time go by to smooth things over."

"But why didn't he want me to know?" she asked. "Why shouldn't I know?"

"I don't know. There's a lot I don't know about Tom. If I knew, I'd do a book on the New England tradition of silence." Then he kissed her cheek and left.

She closed the door and walked slowly across the room to the window. Snow was falling. It would be snowing harder at Bennersville; it always snowed harder there. It was seven o'clock. There was a Bennersville train from Grand Central at seven thirty. It was the train she and Tom had ridden that last night, when they'd quarrelled the whole way. On the platform at Bennersville, he'd gripped her shoulders and said, "We've got to quit until we can look at each other without starting a battle."

They'd slipped a coin to see who'd stay at the Bennersville house, and who would come back to Manhattan.

All of it had been incredibly civilized, after the turmoil of their fighting. She recalled the well-pressed little lines: "We'll wait and think; we'll go different ways quietly; we won't make an untidy mess; perhaps things may change; someday we'll meet again."

She closed her eyes. Once you started remembering things, you were caught, she thought helplessly. You couldn't stop or—

She made herself stop. It was seven o'clock. The train would leave in thirty minutes. She'd have to rush.

The cab seemed to crawl through the snowy streets. She left it a block from the station and hurried through a side door. At last, out of breath, she was on that same train they'd ridden so often together.

How was she going to explain? Then she realised how easy it would be. They'd kept the house—and agreed that they would let each other know when they wanted to use it. Tom had been away for two months, and hadn't told her he was back. So what could he expect? She sighed with relief at the solution, and tried to pull down the curtain of memory and thought. She was on the train. She would see Tom, because he was still her husband and once she had loved him.

She looked out the window. In just a little while she was hurrying through the swirling snow at Bennersville, toward the one waiting cab.

"Number 23, Northrider Road," she said. "Let me out at the gate."

It was a white frame farmhouse that had been gathered into Bennersville by the constantly outreaching arms of new residential developments, and beside the larger stone houses it looked bony and worn. Its plain, anonymous face had always frightened Joan a little. She would live there, and presently she would be lost in that same anonymity. She would be simply a phrase: "The girl in the plain white house; you've noticed her."

She had never been able to convey her feelings to Tom. It was because, she supposed, Tom had no fear of anonymity. Securely behind him were many generations of Barclays. There was nothing he had to prove; and that was the difference between them.

She stopped quietly at the living-room window. Tom was at the desk by the cupboard bookshelves. His tie was loose, his sleeves rolled up. His dark hair was rumpled. There was a look of abstraction on his lean face. It was one of the few times Joan had seen him doing nothing.

There he sat, she thought. He was her husband, yet in countless ways he was a stranger. What was he? The man who hated peanuts; who played the piano with three fingers; who sold, of all things, cloth—plain-quality cloth that his family and his family's family had milled for nearly two hundred years in New England.

There he was—the man who'd had a fever of a hundred and three on their wedding anniversary, when she'd said he looked so handsome; the same man who'd winked and whispered at the altar, "The fat's in the fire now, darling." There he was. And Grant had said by Monday he would know definitely—one way or the other.

SLOWLY Joan opened the door. Tom glanced up, startled, then rose. "Oh, hello," he said. "I didn't expect—" "I didn't either. Nobody told me you were back," she said practically. "I forgot. I can get out."

"Oh, don't be so noble on a snowy night. Anyway, I'm in a good humor, just cold." She pushed off her shoes and dropped her coat on the couch. "I thought you were selling cloth to the Midwestern shirtmakers."

He looked at her intently. "No. I finished and came back. I needed to finish some things here."

"All right, I won't bother you." She stood with her back to the fire, and lifted one foot and then the other to warm them. "This is nice. I don't see why the fire won't ever burn just for me."

"You fool with it too much." He grinned, and added, "All fires have a stubborn streak, just like all men, remember?" His smile faded.

Suddenly Tom said, "There was a picture of you in a magazine on the plane."

Joan felt her jaw setting stubbornly. "And you thought I wasn't wearing enough clothes again, I suppose."

"I didn't say so, did I?"

"Well, I can tell. Anyway, Eric says that too many garments spoil the artistic simplicity of a picture."

"Does he?" Tom asked wryly. "My idea of artistic simplicity is Eric Coving wearing a top hat in hell."

"To you," she began hotly, "an overcoat and high boots mean decency, while Eric knows that mere clothes don't—" She stopped. This was ground they had fought over often, night after furious night. But to-night Joan couldn't go on with it. "I'm sorry, Tom, I didn't mean to start anything."

Please turn to page 68

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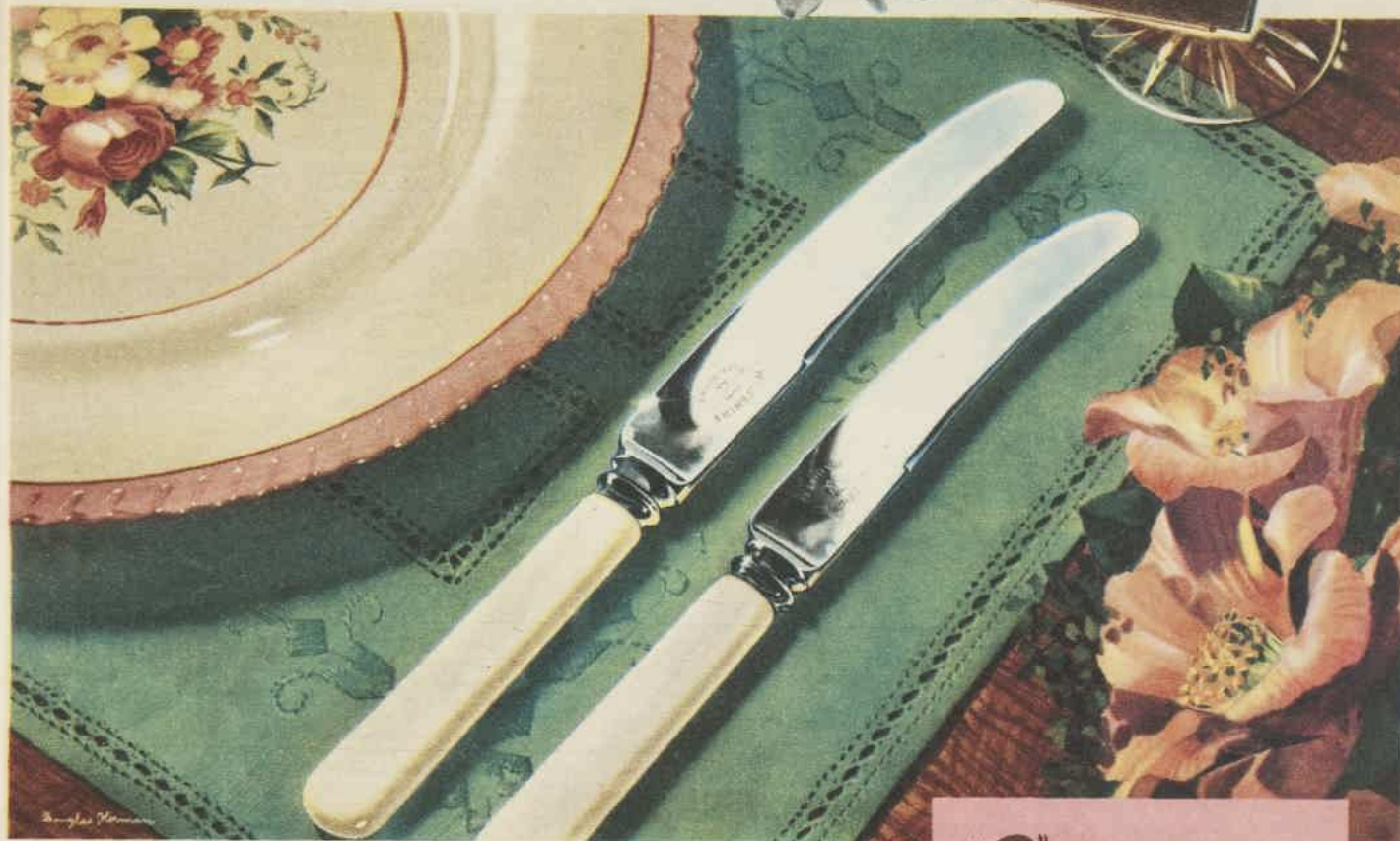
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New Season's Salads

by ELIZABETH COOKE



Riviera Salad

2 cups cooked beans; 1 lettuce; 5 oz. jar Kraft Mayonnaise; radishes; 6 small gherkins; 1 small diced onion; 1 cup diced celery; 6 oz. Kraft Cheese; 6 spring onions.

Toss beans, celery and onion with Kraft Mayonnaise. Line a salad plate with lettuce and fill centre with mixture. Cut half the cheese in cubes and half in fingers. Decorate the salad with cheese, gherkins,

radishes and spring onions. Serves 4.

Hot weather meals can be cooling yet still nourishing, if you use Kraft Cheese—its mellow cheddar flavour and fresh golden colour are always welcome in all salads, snacks and sandwiches.



Summer Salad

1 packet lemon jelly; 1 cucumber; 1 carrot; 6 oz. diced Kraft Cheese; 1 tablespoon vinegar; Kraft Mayonnaise; ½ cup diced pineapple; lettuce; radishes; salt, pepper.

Put the vinegar in a measure and fill to 1 pint mark with boiling water. Dissolve jelly in this. Slice half the carrot and place slices in bottom of a ring mould. Pour in enough jelly to cover the carrot and allow to set. When set, reheat remaining jelly and add to it the diced pineapple and a little diced cucumber and fill the ring mould. When set, unmould on a salad plate

and decorate with shredded carrot, diced cheese, cucumber slices, lettuce and radishes. Serve with Kraft Mayonnaise. Serves 4.

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The Hourglass

Continued from page 66

SUDDENLY his face seemed tired. "I'm sorry, too," he said, and looking at her again, "I want to kiss you," he said.

She stood quite still, feeling the smile fading from her lips. "Is anybody stopping you?" she asked quietly.

He kissed her once, slowly, then again. This time her arms went up and closed about him. She closed her eyes. Her fingers tightened, drawing his cheek hard against hers. Abruptly it was over. Tom bent over the fireplace and worked noisily with the logs. Joan crossed the room and shook the folds from the drapes. Silence came.

"I came up on the seven-thirty train," Joan said.

"The worst train in the world," he said rather loudly. Again the silence came. "Have you had anything to eat?"

"No, but I'll get it. I know what's here." She hurried into the kitchen and leaned back against the door.

"I couldn't find the cheese," Tom called.

How long can this go on, she thought frantically.

By the time she carried the tray of sandwiches and beer back to the living-room Tom had cleared his desk. "I was thinking about you to-night," he said. "How have things been, Joan?"

"All right. Fine," she said, handing him a beer. Her words seemed suddenly hollow and false. "I don't know why I said that. Suspended is a better word." And then she realised she had reached a dead end. The questions loomed before her: Why did I come here? To say hello, to smile and go away? To say goodbye before—No, not to say that!

She stared into the fire, feeling trapped and bewildered. Always she'd planned to face the problem of Tom to-morrow, and to-morrow had always been endless. The old escape was gone, and it wasn't fair.

In that moment of blind protest she glimpsed what she had never faced before: Tom was her waiting-life, the thing she would come back to and always have. It would wait, like this house, to cover her with anonymity. But it must wait, because Eric's favor wouldn't wait. Her beauty wouldn't wait. Fame was fleeting. She must hold it close and keep it shining, because it was the only thing that proved to the world what she was. And she had to be something, or—

Tom touched her fingers, and she looked up to find him watching her strangely. "What were you thinking about just then?" he asked.

"I don't know, Tom," she sobbed. She slipped to the rug in front of his chair; she pressed her cheek against his knees. "We loved each other. We loved each other all the time, didn't we? So what made it go wrong?"

He leaned over and stroked her hair. "We don't have to think about it to-night," he said. She breathed deeply, thankfully. Now, for this moment, to-morrow was endless again.

When she opened her eyes the next morning, the pale glare at the windows told her it had snowed all night. Tom lay still beside her. She reached over and got her watch. It was nine o'clock. There was a train at eleven that would leave time for lunch before she started with Eric.

"Hello," Tom said sleepily.

"Lo." She hesitated. "Tom, I promised Eric I'd work this afternoon."

"On Saturday?"

"Oh, he's doing an arty layout for an absurdly chi-chi new perfume, and I'm his perfume girl, you know."

Suddenly she turned to him. "Come back with me this morning."

I won't be long with Eric," she said swiftly. "Please, Tom."

He looked at her steadily. "You're sure?"

"Can't you tell when I really mean things?"

He smiled. "This morning, yes."

He drew her over and kissed the top of her head.

The street outside Grand Central was mushy with soiled snow, but the buildings and windows shone brightly in the February sunlight. Joan gave Tom the key to her apartment. "I promise not to be long," she said.

Eric was pacing the studio when she arrived. She could tell he was angry. "Your shoes are wet," he said, the first thing.

"I went to Benneville and forgot my goloshes."

"What made you go to Benneville?"

"I just wanted to."

"Was that husband up there with you?"

"No."

"Hurry up," Eric said.

"I'm hurrying." She finished undressing and put on the French gown. It was unbelievably soft, and it would cost six hundred dollars.

The pictures on which they were working were for a new perfume called Desolation, which the manufacturer presumably hoped to sell to women too neurotic to find comfort in scents with more conventionally alluring names. Eric had chosen a semi-surrealistic motif. Joan sat on a triangular black rug, her feet drawn under her, her face in profile to the camera. An hourglass with sand lay on its side, just beyond her fingertips. Behind her, over the edge of the rug, ran a dead, leafless vine.

Eric pushed her black hair back from her forehead, then lifted her arm and flung it. She knew Eric wanted her to let it fall limply. He did it several times before he was satisfied, then he walked back to the camera to stare at her. A familiar sensation came over Joan that her real self was off in another corner of the room, looking on.

OCCASIONALLY she played with daydreams that embarrassed her when she woke up. From the corner she would promise never to tell this new image of the things that had happened long ago: the disappearance of her father; the bewildering succession of moves, from the house, smaller house, then to room after room.

Nor would this clear new image bear her mother's say, "Don't listen to them. You're going to be something some day. You'll prove a few things, some day."

"You lied to me," Eric said curtly. "Your husband was with you. It's all over your face."

She felt her cheeks flaming. "Leave last night alone, Eric," she retorted with more sharpness than she'd ever dared use with him before. She had scarcely spoken when the camera clicked. It had been a trick of his to get an expression he wanted.

"He's begging you to come back, I suppose. Why should you?" Eric demanded.

"Leave me alone, blast you," she whispered.

Eric strode across the room. "Something's not right," he said. He looked down, then lifted the hourglass and snapped it in two. He tossed the pieces back to the rug. "That's better. Desolation is the end of time. Now time is broken."

"Eric—oh, don't say that," she begged. "Please—" she began, and went no further. Time was broken. This was Saturday. To-morrow was Sunday then Monday.

Please turn to page 69

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 18, 1950

ERIC called sharply, "Keep that look." The camera snapped again. Joan felt perspiration on her forehead. Eric kept whispering, shouting at her as he worked. "That expression! Don't breathe! And so you went back to him?"

"Eric," she whimpered. "Splendid! Hold it. What were you two years ago before I took you in hand?" he demanded. "Nothing." Nothing, she thought, but Tom married me. "What are you now?" You're what I made you. How much did it hurt Tom to see me changing? How much did it bewilder him? "You're not his any more. You're through with all that, you hear?" Whose wife was I?

"If you've got passion to spend, spend it on something alive," Eric commanded. "That husband of yours is dead."

"You're crying! All right, cry, cry! That's desolation, too. We'll pay for the gown. All women are fools. They waste themselves on ashes and dead men and—"

Joan screamed. She didn't remember crossing the room. The shock of awakening came when Eric slapped her mouth. Her eyes cleared. His face was scratched and his eyes were brilliant with fury.

She turned and stumbled into the dressing-room.

When she came out, Eric was standing exactly where she had left him.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"Home to Tom, and I'm not coming back."

"If you walk out that door like this, you're walking out of everything! There won't be a place that'll touch you."

"Get out of the way! Don't touch me, either!"

"But you can't go!" His words turned frantic and awkward, and suddenly his face seemed bony and grey. "I don't want you to go," he protested blankly. "You don't understand. I love you."

"I'm glad you didn't tell me that last week," she said. "It certainly would have made a mess of things." She reached for the door.

The Hourglass

Continued from page 68

"I hate you," Eric whispered. Then he shouted it: "I hate you!"

She ran. The taxi-driver peered at her curiously. She wasn't sure whether she was crying or laughing.

Then the cab was gone, and she was pounding at the door of her apartment. "Oh, you're earlier than—" Tom began. "Joan!" She rushed into his arms, as if to lose him now would be to die. "What is it, what is it?" he asked.

"I hate Eric. I hate him," she sobbed. "He wouldn't stop shouting. He said time was broken, but it's not! He said you were dead, but you're not, you're not!"

"Joan," he said in a low voice. He pulled her chin up and searched her eyes. She felt her lips grow limp and useless. "Grant told you, didn't he?" Tom whispered. Joan began to cry quietly. Tom picked her up and carried her to the couch. She lay there while he held her. She began to get hold of herself. The radio was on. The hurried voice of the announcer entered the room: "Every hour on the hour, 'The New York Times' brings you the latest news bulletins..."

The elevator door opened, then slid shut. Footsteps went along the corridor, a key rattled lightly, an apartment door closed. Joan drew a breath of relief. Someone had come home again. A radio played.

She lay still, her eyes closed. "It's just like broken glass," she whispered. "Just like a whole land of broken glass."

"What is?" Tom asked.

"Eric's world, the way he lives," she said. "Everything is jagged and sharp and full of edges. Nothing is worn and soft. A door closing, somebody coming home—that's worn and soft, somehow."

"I know, I know," Tom said.

She wasn't sure that he did, entirely, but she wanted to get it clear in her own mind, now and for as long as she lived. "Broken glass shines and sparkles, but you can't lie down and rest on it. It keeps jabbing at you, making you move." She

turned and lay with her head on his lap, looking up to his face and frowning slightly. "Eric's whole life is like that surrealistic pose this afternoon. Dead leaves and a broken hourglass and a sort of bright desolation. Tom," she asked, "what makes him like that?"

"I don't know," Tom said. "Maybe the job of just normal living and going home and paying bills frightens him, so he builds a little stage of his own and makes his own rules to go with it, then he walks around on it and people clap and—"

"Tom, I'm like that," she interrupted in a low voice. "I'm afraid of just going home and being a wife and having children and being just what I am. I'm afraid because I'm not smart or clever or any of those things. I'm just a face and a figure and a fancy smile." They both laughed for a moment. "But it isn't funny," she protested. "You don't know, because things don't scare you."

"Don't they?" His eyes were dark and grave. "I was the guy who never learned to dance at dancing school, and always dropped the sandwiches on somebody's dress at parties, and my hair wouldn't stay combed, and a hundred things like that. Then you married me and it was like a dream. But all the time I knew you'd wake up some day. You'd wake up and really see me and go away. I was so afraid of it that it was real, long before it happened."

"Oh, Tom," she whispered, touching his chin. "You never dropped a single sandwich on me. But I wish you had!" With a feeling of almost fierce tenderness, she drew his head down to hers. She kissed him and tangled his hair, and suddenly she grew very still. "But we're not afraid of those things any more, are we?" she said quickly.

"No," he said. And then, as if he knew what she was thinking, he added, "We're not afraid of anything. Not Monday or ever."

"Not Monday or ever or ever," she repeated breathlessly. "Tom, kiss me now." It was late, so late, she was thinking. But not too late. And it was always late in love.

She moved her hand across his cheek, feeling it as if it were new. She was thinking of the things she'd thought last night, when she'd looked at him through the window at Bennersville. But now there was a new and simple clarity to her thoughts. This was her husband, not a stranger. He played the piano with three fingers, he dropped sandwiches, he couldn't find the cheese, he sold cloth for a living. He was just a man, and as such he was the sum and treasure of all the things she loved.

Then she remembered what he'd said, that night on the station platform in Bennersville: "Someday we'll meet again." She pulled his head down closer and whispered in his ear, "Hello."

"Hello, again," and he smiled, as if he knew exactly what she'd been thinking.

When she opened her eyes the next morning, the place beside her was empty. Tom had already gone to the hospital. She lay there for a long time, looking at the ceiling. This was the hour she had dreaded, yet it held no terror now. It was just an interval; a quiet and somewhat lonely pause, and that was all.

She got up and dressed slowly. At the door she looked back. She was forgetting nothing; there was nothing she wanted here. Grant knew where to call her. She closed the door. She took a cab to the station, and a train to Bennersville. And there, where she wanted to be, she waited for Tom to come home.

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Teenagers' role in keeping homes happy

When young people complain that their parents don't understand them they often mean that they don't want to have to understand their parents.

This is the main point made by authoress Margaret ("The Constant Nymph") Kennedy in a chapter of "The Years of Grace," a book for teenage girls.

MARGARET KENNEDY is especially fitted to talk about her subject, "Your Home." Now 54, married for 25 years to David Davies, she not only brings an artist's imagination to bear on the question, but she can speak from experience.

Her two daughters have not long emerged from the difficult teens.

Margaret Kennedy reminds teenagers that their homes were there before they were.

"As a small child you fitted in quite easily . . . You accepted the food, the furniture, and the routine just as you accepted the fact that the sun is in the sky.

"But there comes a moment in most families when the house seems suddenly to have shrunk. Somehow it has grown much smaller than it used to be, and everybody starts to get into everybody else's way. This is because the children have grown so much larger, in all senses, and their lives take up more room."

The chief burden of adjusting the family routine falls on the mother.

"The mother must manage to make room for her daughter's wider life without letting the others feel that the whole house now belongs to an ENORMOUS GIRL.

who seems to be everywhere at once — locked in the bathroom when her brother wants to shave, telephoning in the hall at the top of her voice, pressing a dress on the kitchen table, and dancing to the radio in the sitting-room.

"A great deal of tact, imagination, and sympathy is needed. Unless some of this comes from the girl herself, it is very difficult for the mother to prevent family dislocation."

Many young people won't make the effort to understand their parents and co-operate with them.

"When they can no longer think of their parents in a childish way, they flinch from more grown-up thoughts. They prefer not to think at all.

"Other people are better dressed, have more freedom and more money to spend. Other parents are more enterprising and amusing. Other homes are more lively and luxurious.

"Some girls will never make the effort to see more than this; they would rather sulk and feel ill-used than face the reasons underlying these differences.



SULKS because father won't buy you a new dress or your house isn't as nice as the Jones' are a sure sign of refusal to grow up.

"They would rather blame their mother for being dull than perceive that she is ill and overworked. They would rather grumble because they cannot have a new dress than admit that their father really cannot afford it.

"The motive is childishness rather than selfishness; it is a reluctance to face truth. They want to live in a fairy-tale world, where everything could be perfect if only their parents would make an effort."

Reticence and disinclination to confide in parents on deeply felt subjects is merely "a common discomfort of growing older."

"The danger of real and permanent estrangement does not come from these temporary and natural reserves. It comes from carelessness, unkindness, and an affection insufficiently expressed in small daily things . . .

"An affectionate manner may not always be easy, but you do really owe it to your parents."

Mother's guests treated like lepers

A girl should always pass on to her mother compliments to her home.

"It is really unkind of a girl not to tell her mother of any nice thing which her own friends may have said about the house, the food, and the fun which goes on there.

"Such little bouquets are among the sweetest rewards a parent can know, and there is no excuse for withholding them . . ."

The best possible way of making up for the teacup you broke or the record you scratched when your parents gave you the facilities for a party of your own is to contribute a little to their social life.

"It is highly mortifying for a mother if the refreshments at her bridge party are brought in by a daughter who looks as though she were dispensing alms to a colony of lepers."

It's not always youth's fault if the generations have nothing to say to each other.

"Your mother's friends may be as much at a loss for things to say

to you as you are for things to say to them.

"Far too many of them will never be able to get over their astonishment that you are not still in a perambulator; they will inform you that they have not seen you since you were 'that high,' a remark to which there is no discoverable reply . . .

"Nobody expects you to say very much, but a smiling, friendly manner, an appearance of interest, will reflect great credit on your mother and make her proud of you."

There is also more danger of daughters losing touch with their father than with their mother as they pass through their teens. The vagaries of teenage daughters are more incomprehensible to fathers than to mothers, who were girls themselves once and remember something of what it feels like.

"Fathers take a temporary coldness much more to heart, resign themselves to the idea that their children are growing away from them, and lose the habit of expecting to share things."

Margaret Kennedy concludes: "When family life fails, the cause is generally not so much want of affection as want of judgment in using it. Parents embarrass their children by showing too much. Children hurt their parents by showing too little."

"The whole art of living consists of teamwork between your heart and your head, and your home is the first place in which to learn it."

Besides Margaret Kennedy's wise advice, "The Years of Grace," a new Evans Brothers' publication, edited by Noel Streatfeild, has chapters by experts such as Elizabeth Arden and Arnold Haskell on problems ranging from make-up, social grace, and the fine arts to cooking, sports, and making good in a chosen career.



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THE FAMILY SCRAPBOOK

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

NOBODY really likes cheeky children. The "who do you think you are?" attitude or the chip-on-the-shoulder is decidedly unpleasant.

Nine times out of ten cheekiness is a defensive measure. Julie feels that Aunt Mary really doesn't like her. So Julie's first reaction when Aunt Mary visits is, "Oh, is she here again?"

Nine-year-old Mark is afraid that he won't be able to do as well as the other kids in school. His way of

meeting the problem is to "show off."

When a youngster thinks that his parents don't love him, cheekiness may be his way of trying to get the attention he craves.

Real friendliness from Aunt Mary will gradually change Julie's feelings; helping Mark by giving him jobs that make him feel a part of the group will temper his freshness; warm affection from parents soon dissolves the antagonistic cheekiness that youngsters may show toward them.



AFFECTION dissolves cheekiness.

From England
comes the best in Rayon



Agents: F. G. Hyett & Co., 232 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.
John A. Kenyon Pty. Ltd., 45 York Street, Sydney.

Serve **Wham**
and beat those rising
meat prices!

Wham is pressure-cooked to
seal in flavour and goodness

Wham is pressure-cooked in the tin! That means we seal in all that hearty ham flavour, all the rich meat juices—all the nourishment, too.

Enjoy meat this modern, money-saving way. Try Wham with your favourite salad and the New, Improved, Wonder-flavour Kraft Mayonnaise.



Wham is a delicious blend of sugar-cured ham and prime beef cuts...

There's no need for you to go without meat. Enjoy all the meat you want—and save money at the same time. Serve Wham. Wham is all meat. No bones, no gristle, no useless fat—just prime beef and tender sugar-cured ham blended together for your enjoyment. Wham is not only delicious, but is protein-rich and nourishing.

You save time and money when you buy Wham, for it comes to you ready-cooked in the tin. Serve it cold, serve it hot... you and your whole family will enjoy its full, satisfying flavour whichever way you serve it.



Try Wham n' Eggs
for breakfast!



Men love the hearty flavour of Wham!

Wham is a savoury blend of sugar-cured ham and prime beef, with the flavour and nourishment of the meat preserved by pressure-cooking. Wham is a "Red Feather" food—the brand that has meant the best in canned meats for years. Made by Kraft. Sold in 12 oz. and 4 oz. tins.

Wham

a Red Feather Product



OUTDOOR BREAKFAST. Orange juice, peaches with cereal, bacon, tomato, and cheese on toasted crumpets, and toast with marmalade or honey make up this menu. Fresh fruit and coffee are served later. See Menu 2 on this page.

Good Morning!

● Tempting and appetising breakfast dishes taste even better served on a sheltered porch, verandah, or sundeck.

MENU 2

(See color photograph.)

Orange juice.

Stewed peaches with cereal.

Bacon, tomato, and cheese on toasted crumpets.
Toast and marmalade.
Coffee.

BACON, TOMATO, AND CHEESE ON TOASTED CRUMPETS

Four crumpets, 4 thick slices tomato, 4 rashers bacon, 4 tablespoons grated cheese, salt, pepper, parsley.

Toast crumpets lightly, spread with butter. Cover each one with coarsely chopped bacon, rind removed, and coarsely grated cheese. Dust with salt and pepper. Place back under grill (or in hot oven) until bacon is cooked and cheese melted and browned. Serve piping hot garnished with parsley.

THIN HAMBURGERS WITH TOMATO

One pound topside or round steak, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon scraped onion, 1 dessert-spoon chopped parsley, thick tomato slices.

Put steak through the mincer and pound with all other ingredients except tomato slices. Shape into flat cakes about 1 in. thick and 2½ in. in diameter. Shallow fry in hot fat 6 to 8 minutes, turning two or three times for even browning. Drain on clean kitchen paper. Drain off fat, add sliced tomato, and cook a few minutes. Top each hamburger with a slice of tomato before serving.

FISH

Fresh, smoked, or tinned fish may be used to make appetising breakfast dishes.

It is a good idea to speed up the early morning preparations by cooking the fish the night before; if tinned fish is used, this is not necessary.

SCRAMBLED EGG AND CORN

Three eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, ¼ teaspoon grated onion, ½ cup drained sweet corn, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 4 slices buttered toast.

Beat eggs with milk, place in saucepan with salt, pepper, onion, and corn. Stir over medium heat until well thickened and mixed. Pile on to hot buttered toast, sprinkle with chopped parsley. Serve at once.

SAVORY POACHED EGGS

Four rashers grilled bacon (rind removed), 4 slices buttered toast, 4 slices of tomato, 4 eggs, salt, pepper, chopped parsley.

Cut hot grilled bacon into pieces and use 1 cut-up rasher to cover each slice of toast. Cover with a thick slice of tomato, dust with salt and pepper. Place under grill while eggs are being poached. When tomato is soft and hot, slip a poached egg on to each slice and serve sprinkled with parsley, salt, and pepper.

MEAT

Light meat dishes, simple, appetising, and easily prepared, are the best choice for the first meal of the day. Avoid highly seasoned foods.

When they are available, kidneys, liver, brains, and sweetbreads make excellent breakfast dishes. Tripe and sausages, plentiful and reasonable in price, are useful for varying the menu.

Bacon is a popular item, but it is expensive and needs bolstering with other ingredients to make a satisfying main dish.

Thin hamburgers with tomato may replace the toasted crumpets in the menu below.

EGGS

Eggs are traditional breakfast fare and during the summer months they are plentiful enough to use freely.

In the menu suggested here, scrambled eggs are extended with corn. Another egg recipe is also given; choose the one which best suits the family taste.

MENU 1

Stewed rhubarb with cereal.

Scrambled egg and corn.

Toast and honey.

Coffee.

The menu suggested below may be varied by substituting oven-poached cod for the creamed fish on toast.

MENU 3

Stewed apricots with cereal.

Creamed fish on toast.

Toasted sultana loaf with honey.

Tea. Fresh fruit.

CREAMED FISH ON TOAST

One 12oz. tin fish cutlets (or 1 lb. cooked, flaked fish), 2 cups medium thickness white sauce (extra sauce may be made day before), 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, buttered toast.

Drain and flake fish, first removing any skin and bones. Mix with sauce, stir over medium heat until almost boiling. Fold in lemon juice and chopped parsley; season with salt and pepper. Pile on to hot buttered toast, or serve on hot plate with toast fingers.

OVEN-POACHED COD

One pound smoked cod (or haddock), water, ¼ cup milk, butter, chopped parsley, lemon.

Wash fish well, cut into service-sized pieces. Cover with cold water, bring slowly to the boil, drain. Place in shallow baking-tin, add milk. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes until flesh is soft, white, and flaky. Serve on heated plates. Spread each portion of fish liberally with butter and sprinkle thickly with chopped parsley. Squeeze lemon juice over and add a wedge of lemon to each plate.

"LEFT-OVERS"

There are two kinds of left-overs, those that just happen and those that are planned!

The main dish in the menu below is concocted from accidental left-overs; the alternative recipe is made from planned left-overs.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

Continued on page 74

SMALL CHOCOLATE SPONGE CAKES!



Try this recipe today!

Lightly sponge cakes for afternoon tea or supper—quickly prepared with Bournville Cocoa, the cocoa with the real chocolate flavour. And remember that a little Bournville goes a longer way. It's the economical secret to successful chocolate cooking.

4 ozs. S.R. Flour pinch salt
4 ozs. sugar 3 eggs
1 dessertspoon Bournville Cocoa 1½ tablespoons boiling water
1 dessertspoon butter

Grease 16 small sponge cake tins or boats. Sift the flour, cocoa and salt. Whisk the eggs and sugar together till they are so thick that it is possible to make an initial on the mixture with a whiskful. The colour should be pale. Melt butter in boiling water and pour carefully down the side of the bowl. Add flour and fold all together lightly, but stir as little as possible, just enough to blend all. Half fill the cake tins. Bake in a moderately hot oven (350°F) for about 15 minutes. When cooked, dredge with castor sugar.

Cadbury's
BOURNVILLE COCOA

The cocoa with the real chocolate flavour.

517/16/9



Here's GENUINE whole-wheat goodness!

CERIX
PUFFED WHEAT

You don't have to be an expert to recognise the whole-wheat goodness in CERIX Puffed Wheat. You can tell simply by looking at it that it is a 100% whole-grain product—rich in everything that makes wheat such a wonderful food—including bran! Natural whole-wheat EXPLODED into fluffy, easily-digested morsels, it's a grand breakfast food for children—an entirely new taste thrill for grown-ups. From all grocers in the big value pack.

MADE BY THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD COMPANY

CE10-2146



FRUITY MACAROON CREAM is a delicious and unusual summer sweet. Decorated with cream and strawberries and served with extra strawberry cream it will be a welcome addition to the dinner table.

Three prize recipes

● A delicious cold sweet which will give a fillip to any warm weather dinner menu wins this week's main prize of £5.

OTHER prize-winning recipes
this week are for a meat dish of mince and batter balls and tempting finger biscuits.

When packing sherry fingers in airtight tin, arrange in rows, separating layers with waxed or grease-proof paper.

Spoon measurements are level.

FRUITY MACAROON CREAM

One tablespoon gelatine, ½ cup cold milk, 2 egg-yolks, 1-3rd cup sugar, pinch salt, 1 cup scalded milk, 1-3rd cup chopped seeded raisins, 2 tablespoons blanched shredded almonds, 1 cup coconut macaroons (crumbled), 2 teaspoons rum, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 drops pink coloring, 2 stiffly beaten egg-whites.

Soften gelatine in cold milk. Slightly beat egg-yolks with sugar and salt, gradually add scalded milk. Cook over hot water, stirring until mixture thickens slightly (do not allow to boil), add gelatine and milk, mix well. Fold in raisins, almonds, and macaroon crumbs. Allow to cool. Lastly add rum, vanilla essence, pink coloring, and egg-whites. Mix well. Pour into wetted mould and chill until firm. Unmould on to serving plate, and decorate with cream and strawberries.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Day, 7 Bath St., Abbotsford, W.9, Vic.

MINCE AND BATTER BALLS

One onion, 1 tablespoon bacon fat, 1 tablespoon flour, ½ cup water, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, squeeze of lemon juice, salt and pepper to taste, 1lb. minced topside or round steak, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup flour, 3 eggs, fat for frying, parsley.

Peel onion, chop finely, fry in bacon fat until browned. Stir in flour, cook until browned, add water, stir until boiling and thickened. Add tomato sauce, parsley, lemon juice, salt, pepper, and minced steak, simmer 30 minutes. Heat water when boiling, add butter, then flour. Stir with wooden spoon until smooth, cook until mixture leaves sides of saucepan. Allow to cool, beat in eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Drop a dessertspoonful at a time into deep fuming fat, fry gently until evenly browned. Drain on kitchen paper, cut a hole in each and fill with mince mixture. Serve garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Marshall, 17 Barrett St., E. Ipswich, Qld.

SHERRY FINGERS

Four ounces butter or other shortening, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon sherry and 1 dessertspoon brandy (or 2 dessertspoons sherry), ½ cup self-raising flour, ½ cup plain flour, 1 tablespoon chopped, blanched almonds, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, ½ teaspoon cinnamon.

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg-yolk, sherry, and brandy. Fold in sifted flours and salt. Knead lightly, roll to ¼ in. thickness. Brush surface with egg-white (lightly beaten), sprinkle with castor sugar, nuts, and cinnamon, press down lightly with rolling pin. Cut into fingers 3 in. x 1 in., place on greased biscuit-tray. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 10 to 12 minutes until lightly browned. Allow to cool on tray.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. M. Hagarty, 10 Claremont Rd., Burwood, N.S.W.

GOOD MORNING

Continued from page 73

MENU 4

Tomato juice.
Brown vegetable croquettes.
Toast and lemon conserve.
Tea.

BROWNED VEGETABLE CROQUETTES

One cup cooked mashed parsnip, 1 cup cooked mashed carrot, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons chopped ham or bacon, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 egg, salt, pepper, and browned crumbs.

Combine vegetables, parsley, ham, flour, and half the beaten egg. Season with salt and pepper, shape into croquettes. Coat with balance of egg mixed with 1 dessertspoon milk. Coat with crumbs. Deep fry two or three minutes or until browned and heated through. Serve at once.

BEAN AND BACON PATTIES

One cup baked beans (saved from cut lunches), 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 dessertspoons flour, ½ cup milk, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, ½ cup chopped cooked bacon (about 2 rashers) or ½ cup ham, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, browned crumbs.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 1 minute. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Fold in soft crumbs, bacon, beans, and parsley. Spread on flat plate to become cold. This preparation may be done the day before patties are needed. Drop a dessertspoon at a time into browned crumbs, roll into balls in the hands. Drop into deep fuming fat, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Drain on paper, serve hot.

Now!

3 1-oz. tins
KRAFT
Fish
Pastes
for 1/1
or 4½d. per tin



Six Savoury Varieties

HERRING and TOMATO

ANCHOVY

LOBSTER and TOMATO

SALMON and SHRIMP

LOBSTER

ANCHOVY and TOMATO

3 TINS FOR 1/1

Also available in 1½oz. jars

PP61

ANACIN
STOPS PAIN
FASTER



because it's
like a
doctor's
prescription

Anacin is just like a doctor's prescription for headaches, toothaches, neuralgia, colds, influenza, periodical pains, sciatica, lumbago and muscular aches and pains.

Like a doctor's prescription, Anacin Tablets and Powders contain not one, but a combination of four medically proven active ingredients. These ingredients combine to bring faster, longer lasting relief—whilst doing away with any undesirable after-effects. Whichever you prefer, Anacin Tablets or Anacin Powders—both stop pain faster. Get Anacin today and notice the difference.

Whichever you prefer

ANACIN
POWDERS

ANACIN
TABLETS



STOP PAIN FASTER

The Ideal Family Gift
that
keeps on giving!



A Silent trouble-free

GAS REFRIGERATOR

Only a few weeks to Xmas! What better gift—for all the family—than a modern, trouble-free Gas Refrigerator? For sheer reliability, convenience and permanent

silence, a Gas Refrigerator has no equal. There are no moving parts to cause noise or to wear out—maintenance costs are negligible... and there's ample storage room and tray space for ice cream and ice cubes, too! Decide on the family Xmas gift *right now*—invest in a Gas Refrigerator.

GAS

for the **4** BIG JOBS

Automatic COOKING — Silent REFRIGERATION
Instant HOT WATER — Healthful HEATING

The
National Gas
Association
of Australia

*Good health
and vitality
hit a new 'high'
when you take*

Clements TONIC

In two sizes, large and small

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**GET YOUR BOTTLE TODAY-
ANY CHEMIST OR STORE**

Three Important Extras IN THE NEW MUM

NEW SMOOTHNESS

NEW MUM is smooth and easy to apply. It will not harm or discolour the finest fabrics.

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NEW MUM is now creamier, softer than ever... NEW MUM contains no harsh or irritating ingredients... It is gentle and harmless to the skin.

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BETTER... LONGER

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS
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**The NEW
MUM**

keeps you nice to be near



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



No. 694.—HOUSE-GOWN

A slim-fitting bodice, a self-frilled collar, and a full skirt in a house-gown cut out ready to make from British floral cotton. Colors are navy and white, sage-blue and white, green and white, and burgundy and white. Prices: Bust 32-34in., 38/6; bust 36-38in., 39/11; postage, 2/6.

No. 695.—THROWOVER

A beautiful design in spotted organdie, in white or pale pink, blue, and green, with multi-colored spots. Motifs are traced ready to embroider. Measures 36in. x 36in. Price: 7/11, postage 10d.

No. 696.—POT-HOLDERS

Useful set of pot-holders, traced in an unusual design ready to embroider on British headcloth in blue, lemon, green, pink, and natural. Bias binding to finish not supplied. Prices: Set of four (4) 4/11, postage 6d., or 1/3 each, postage 2d.

No. 697.—LITTLE GIRL'S PANTIES

Something new in small girl's panties, yours for the making. They feature a plain front and dainty frilling at the back. The material is good quality haircord in white only, cut out ready to machine. Prices: 2yrs. 4/9, 3yrs. 4/11, 4yrs. 5/3, 5yrs. 5/6, 6yrs. 5/9; postage 4d.

No. 698.—LITTLE GIRL'S PINAFORE FROCK

Cool for summer wear, a pinafore frock cut out ready to make from Summer Breeze cotton in pink, red, lemon, blue, and green, with small white spots. Prices: 2yrs., length 18in., 9/11; postage 11d. 3yrs., 19in., 10/9; postage 11d. 4yrs., 20in., 11/11; postage 1/1. 5-6yrs., 23in., 12/9; postage 1/1.

When ordering Needlework Notions, please make a second color choice. E.O.D. orders not accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

Fashion PATTERNS

Pattern for beginners

F6211.—Swimsuit. Beginner's pattern. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Special pattern price, 1/6.

F6212.—Frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/3.

F6213.—Frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast and 1yd. edging. Price 2/3.

F6214.—Suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/8.

F6030.—Matron's sun dress with jacket. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 2/4.

F6022.—Beach coat with hood. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

TO ORDER: Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 28.

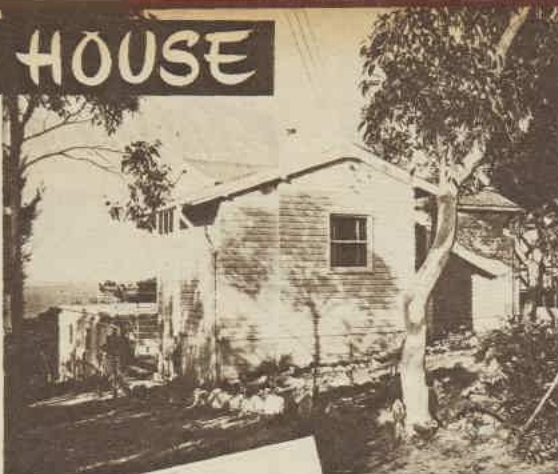


BEACH HOUSE

THE attractive beach house of Mrs. G. Beatty and her daughter, Dr. Joan Beatty, at Bynya Road, Palm Beach, N.S.W., allows full enjoyment of sun, sea, and sky.

This L-shaped weatherboard house is surrounded by natural woodland. There are wide, unobscured views of ocean and beach. A spacious sun-terrace, designed to create the impression of a ship's deck, is the main feature of the home. Wide glass doors and floor-length glass windows open to the terrace.

Simple, clear-cut lines have been followed in the furnishing. The interior color schemes blend with the cool appearance of the exterior. Palest envelope-grey has been used for walls and ceilings of main rooms.



"SHAEN," the Beattys' white-painted weather-board home at Palm Beach, N.S.W., is set within the shadow of trees (above). The front door is deep violet-blue.

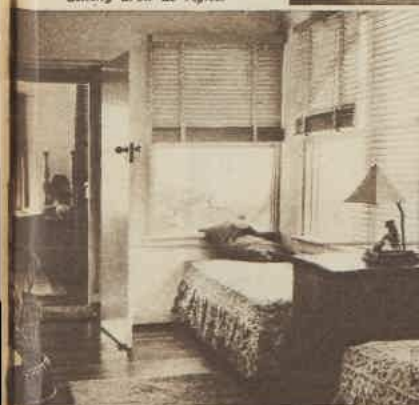


RAILED SUN-DECK commands a view of Palm Beach and Barrenjoey headland.

WIDE, blue-lined eaves and extensive ocean views give a nautical air to the bedroom wing.

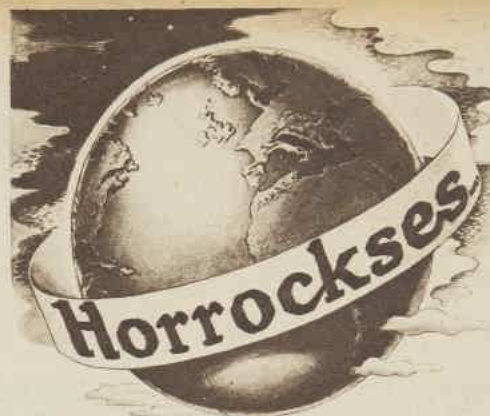


SHELVES (above) link with unusual curved fireplace which divides spacious lounge and dining-area at right.



GUEST-ROOM is simply but charmingly furnished (left). Dining-area has lovely Chippendale cabinet (above).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 18, 1950



the Greatest Name in Cotton

For over 150 years the name of Horrockses has stood for quality. All over the world their fabrics have brought prestige to that illustrious name . . . which is much . . . and goodwill to their country of origin . . . which is more.

Sheets, Pillowcases, Towels, Dress Goods, Furnishings, Flannelettes, Wincettes, Shirtings, etc.

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Science knows no finer food . . .



- eggs are twice as rich in body-building protein as other foods!
- eggs contain all the known vitamins, except vitamin C!
- eggs contain every essential mineral, including blood-enriching iron!

Recognised by science as the most nearly perfect food available — completely balanced and readily digested — EGGS contain twice as much body-building protein as any other food. In addition, EGGS contain every known mineral including iron in a form that is especially suited to the rapid formation of rich, red blood. EGGS also contain every known vitamin except vitamin C, making them the perfect protective food. So for quicker, more nourishing meals, serve EGGS more often on your table.

To prolong freshness store in a cool place
Order Extra EGGS this week!

THIS ADVERTISEMENT AUTHORIZED BY THE EGG PRODUCERS COUNCIL

SAY

Happy Xmas

WITH THESE



SHADOW BOXES, new and charming assets for wall decoration, are superb gifts. You can make them or buy them at leading city stores.

BOUQUET HOLDERS. Gather together those old shells and turn them into glamorous holders for fresh and waxed bouquets.



KITCHEN tidy to hold all those odds and ends. The busy homemaker will be grateful for this pretty and practical gift.



There is still time to make Christmas gifts, and some of those illustrated on this page can be turned out in about an hour. All can be made at little cost. Follow the simple directions on the next page.



CHILD'S TABLECLOTH. Designed and worked by Mrs. I. Geoghegan for two-year-old Marilyn Morgan, this embroidered tablecloth would delight the heart of any small child. A child's favorite nursery rhyme may be embroidered into the cloth.



COLORFUL, tiled-top table for beach house, sun-deck, or garden use is not only practical and convenient, but makes a most unusual and appreciated gift. Any small table can be used as a base for the tiles.



APRONS are easy to make, easy to launder, and easy to wear. Make one for yourself and others to give away at Christmas. The aprons shown here are from America.

You can make these gifts (cont. from page 78)

Shadow-boxes A new idea from America is the use of shadow-boxes as wall decorations. Lovely ornaments, the beauty of which might otherwise be lost in a china cabinet, can be placed in shadow-boxes to give variety and brightness to a room.

Those illustrated in color on the opposite page were designed by Mrs. Jean Hilton, of Beecroft, N.S.W. The idea can be carried out easily by the home handyman. A nice use for the shadow-box during the holiday festivities would be to house a figure of Father Christmas and illuminate it from behind with a small torch.

Directions for Making: Use the ornate moulding and the plain surface surrounding it of old picture frames. Or buy light timber lengths and lengths of beading. Cut frame or wood to size required. Small box inside frame is made from three-ply wood for lightness, but any light wood may be used.

The frame is then screwed or nailed to the box and painted in soft pastel or bright tonings as required. The shadow-boxes illustrated are 12 x 10 x 3 1/2 in., and are suitable for small ornaments.

American aprons These three aprons are made on the same simple lines, but the trimmings make them unusual.

Crisp check gingham and white pique are ideal materials for day-long freshness.

Each apron is made from a square of the material, about 17 in. x 17 in. Fold this in half and measure 3 in. down the centre fold. Cut from this point, as shown in diagram, in a curve upwards towards the edges of the material so that this scooped-out portion will fit snugly to the waistline. Make the waistband and backtie in one long strip and attach to waistline.

If you wish to make the blue-and-white checked apron shown on the extreme right of color illustration, simply round the base of material as shown in diagram.

Suggested trimming: A dainty frill of broderie anglaise; brightly checked frills on pockets and apron border to contrast with plain white pique;

cotton eyelet embroidery insertion in waistband and apron-front.

Kitchen-tidy This useful and colorful gift for the home will be received with enthusiasm. Numerous small items in the kitchen such as pins, rubber bands, scissors, pencils, and adhesive tape are often difficult to find in a drawer, but with a "tidy" tacked to the inside of a kitchen cupboard they can be neatly and conveniently stored.

Directions for Making: Use a square of cotton headcloth or other washing material, the color to harmonise with the kitchen you intend it for. Size, too, can be considered in this way. Cut out two small square pockets and one oblong pocket to run along the bottom and sew on to the headcloth as illustrated on the opposite page. Finish off with vandyke braid.

Bouquet holders These decorative sea-shell holders filled with poppies and gaily colored chillies, also formed of shells, were designed and made by Odette Hoppe, well known in artistic circles for her original ideas.

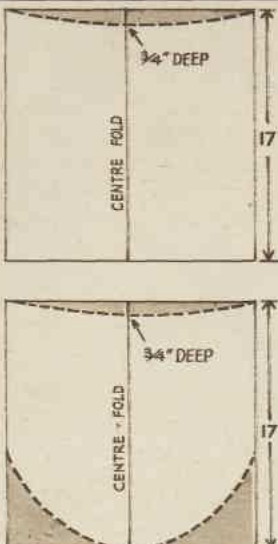
If you haven't any shells you can buy them at most junk shops or those that specialise in aquarium requisites. Of course, you can gather small sea-shells at most beaches.

As you can see by the picture on the opposite page the large shell rests in a flat shell. This is glued into position, allowed to dry, and then the smaller shells are glued down one by one to form a cluster.

Scatter a little sawdust over the glue before sticking down to give a firm grip.

When quite dry, the shells can be varnished or touched up with quick-drying enamels or lacquers as desired. Arrange bouquets to form fresh or artificial flowers.

Tiled table New tiles in plain pastels or mottled tonings or tiles that may be a legacy from styles of past years can be used most successfully to top a small table for indoor or outdoor use. A tiled table-top is a safe place for hot coffee pots and jugs when polished surfaces are such a worry.



DIAGRAMS to help you in making aprons shown on page 78.

Tiles can be used to cover the surface of the table, or a wooden frame can be made to enlarge the table surface and the frame can then be tiled. Wooden beading is used to frame and finish the tiled surface. There are many effective adhesive compounds to make the tiling easy, and the selection of modern ceramic tiles will let you carry out this idea in almost any color.

Child's tablecloth Meal hours become enchanted for children when the familiar faces and antics of nursery-rhyme characters are gaily depicted on a cloth.

The cloth illustrated on the page opposite has many stories embroidered into it in fine stem-stitch and satin-stitch. These designs were traced from illustrated story books, but a simpler cloth could carry just a border and a centerpiece. Nursery transfer motifs, which can be bought at most shops, could be used as a basis for the embroidery or ready-to-use motifs could be sewn on with quick buttonhole stitch.

TOYS FOR XMAS

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
our Mothercraft Nurse

BE sure to give a child Christmas toys suitable for his own age group. Quite often a child is blamed for breaking a new toy when an adult is at fault for having given it.

Young children should not be given loose-jointed toys, parts of which can easily be broken off and perhaps swallowed or put up the nose or in the ear.

Painted toys and woolly, hairy toys can be a danger. So are tin toys that may have sharp points or edges.

Even little children delight in construction when they find materials available. Wooden blocks are first favorites, but no block should be smaller than two inches square.

Indoor construction material for older toddlers can be a small black-board and colored chalks, plasticene, a large peg-board, and blunted scissors for cutting out pictures.

Never let a child have too many toys at one time, and remember that a simple toy is often appreciated more than expensive ones.

A leaflet giving useful hints on playtime toys for the babe and the toddler can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed with the request.

Goya

the loveliest gift
of all . . .



Festive touch—a Cracker containing two hand-painted photos of perfumes—8/6
Box of three—25/6



To thrill her—Goya's "Treasure Chest" holding a Perfume "Treasure Chest", perfumed Cologne, and Bath Blossom to match—22/6

Gift perfumes—Goya's exciting new "Treasure Chest"—12/6



Fragrant greetings—a Collection of four hand-painted photos . . . four different perfumes for her changing moods—17/6



Glamorous surprise—Handkerchief and Perfume Gift Set—a hand-painted photo plus a gaily coloured crape handkerchief—5/6



A gift to remember—Goya's medium size "Gardenia," a true, romantic, bitter-sweet, floral perfume—25/6



Goya's Gift Box of Lavender and Eaux de Cologne with matching Bath Blossom—22/6

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*Often
buttered
never
bettered*

*But-try
them by
themselves*

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Arnotts
make
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